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LLOYD'S POEMS.

PRINTED BY P. GEDGE,
Bury St. Edmund's.

ROBERT ELLIOT M.A.

THE

FAMILIAR POEMS

OF

ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

WHEN foes insult, and prudent friends dispense,
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft' with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief. - - -
Perplex'd with trifles through the vale of life,
Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife;
Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed
For some vile spot, where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight.
What odds?---to us 'tis all the self-same thing,
A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.

CHURCHILL'S NIGHT, p. 101 and 108.

A NEW EDITION.

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1805.

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TO

WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY;

WHO, FROM THE EXCELLENCY OF HIS DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES,

HAS JUSTLY ACQUIRED THE NAME OF

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS:

THIS NEW EDITION OF THE

POEMS OF ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

IN WHICH THE

PERFECTION OF THE SCENIC ART

IS SO ABLY DELINEATED,

IN THE AUTHOR'S ADMIRED POEM OF

THE ACTOR,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

THE EDITOR.

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LIFE

OF

ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

THE Memoirs of this Author have already been so ably delineated by a former Editor, prefixed to his Works, published in two volumes octavo, in the year 1774, and the principal occurrences thereof are again so accurately detailed by the ingenuous Editor of the recent edition of the Works of Churchill*, his Friend and Contemporary, that the Editor of the present Edition (which is compressed into one volume, by the omission of his translations, &c.) makes no apology for selecting such parts of both the above Biographers as may serve to illustrate the character of a Poet, on whom the just meed of praise has been but scantily bestowed, altho' it appears by Mr. Hayley's Life of Cowper, that the celebrated author of "The Task" was one of his most early admirers and friends, and commiserated very feelingly those misfortunes which tended to shorten his life.

* In two volumes large octavo with explanatory Notes, printed for C. Baldwin, which (together with the scarcity of Lloyd's Poems) first suggested the idea of reprinting them.

Mr. Robert Lloyd was the son of the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, Second-master of Westminster School; by whom he was so early initiated in the classics, that his fertile genius soon became pregnant with the stores of Greek and Roman literature. Thus qualified, he repaired, at a proper age, from Westminster to Oxford; where he pursued his studies, and made such an occasional display of his genius, as to reflect no little credit on his tutorage, if not some honour on the University; which in due time conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts.

From Oxford Mr. Lloyd returned to Westminster School, in which he for some time assisted his father, as an usher in that learned seminary. With this situation, the duties of which he was particularly well qualified to discharge, he appears, nevertheless, to have been highly dissatisfied, as is candidly evinced in his introductory Apology for publishing his Works.

It is more than probable, however, that this impatience of restraint and disgust at scholastic confinement, were heightened by the Author's intimacy with his fellow collegians, those excentric geniuses Messrs. Churchill, Thornton, and Bensley; whose congenial talents and disposition might serve to encourage each other in the pursuit of such youthful amusements, as insensibly betrayed them into a liberality of life and conversation, which the prudential part of the world perhaps too severely condemned.

The first performance which established Mr. Lloyd's reputation as a poet, and of course rendered him respectable in the literary world, was

the ACTOR*, addressed to his then intimate and liberal friend Mr. Thornton. This is one of his best productions; in which he passes very high encomiums both on Mr. Garrick and Mr. Thornton; displaying, as on many other occasions, a strong attachment and most friendly regard for both.

It is supposed that the reputation Mr. Lloyd acquired by this Poem, first stimulated his friend Churchill to enter the lists of poetical fame, and write his celebrated *Rosciad*, in which the superiority in force of numbers and power of imagery, appeared so greatly on the side of his friend, that Mr. Lloyd, with the modesty becoming real genius, and the complacency of a disposition untainted by envy, joined the rest of his admirers, in the unlimited applause bestowed on that eminent Poet.—For which see page 238.

This ingenuous concession on the part of Mr. Lloyd, appears to have so far endeared him to Churchill, that they were inseparable, one sentiment governing the minds, and one purse administering to the wants of both.

The late John Wilkes, Esq.† speaking of Mr.

* The Actor is one of the most pleasing and scientific essays upon theatrical representation in general that has ever been written, and we should be guilty of an act of injustice towards the author of it, were we not here to mention, what escaped our notice in its proper place, that Mr. Sheridan, in his Monody on the Death of Garrick, has freely borrowed from the concluding lines of the Actor:—" Yet hapless artist! &c." Vide Life of Churchill, p. xxii.

† The Poem of the New River Head, inscribed to John Wilkes, Esq. had originally an introductory address to that gentleman, tinctured with a degree of levity (not to say obscenity) that rendered it improper for general perusal, altho' the facetious Author endeavoured to justify himself therein,

Lloyd, says, he was mild and affable in private life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in conversation. He was an excellent scholar, and an easy, natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was contented to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welch poney, which seems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged steed, and the daring heights of the sacred mountain, to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill.

His attachment to the pleasures of the table, particularly to those of the bottle, in which he was induced to indulge himself too freely for his constitution, was a topic of much censure and complaint against him, both with his real and his pretended friends, except indeed those who shared in the convivial sodality.

The foremost of these jovial companions, his celebrated friend Churchill, attempted, on the other hand to apologize for him, and even to justify the practice as well by precept as example. His gay and spirited Epistle, entitled *Night*, inscribed to our Author, is a professed Apology, if not a formal justification of their nocturnal festivity.

> When foes insult, and *prudent* friends dispense,
> In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
> Oft with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,
> And in thy social converse find relief.
> The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
> Loves any sorrows rather than her own.

---

from the examples of Pope and Sterne.—In the present edition this prelude is wholly omitted, being no ways essential to the Tale; and every thing has been expunged of a like tendency.—EDIT.

Such is often the revenge of suicide genius. By railing at others it thinks to excuse itself; imputing to ignorance or malevolence the cause of that ruin in which, against its own better knowledge, it is inevitably as unpardonably involved.

Mr. Lloyd having resigned the Ushership of Westminster School, became an Author by profession; and, notwithstanding his decided merit, experienced most of the vicissitudes of fortune, to which gentlemen of that precarious profession are liable.

It is so natural a transition for a man of wit to become a man of the town, and for the expences, necessary to support the latter character, to exceed the income of the former, that it is no wonder our Author was induced to engage in publications that promised to produce profit rather than praise. Among these was the *St. James's Magazine;* from which many of the pieces contained in the following collection are extracted.

This work not meeting with that success, which from it's merit might be reasonably expected, our Author found himself unable to discharge some obligations of a pecuniary nature, which he had improvidently laid himself under on the flattering prospect of such success. The consequence of this disappointment was the exertion of that barbarous power given to the creditor over the person of the debtor, by permitting the imprisonment of the latter till the former be fully satisfied. Mr. Lloyd was of course confined within the walls of the Fleet.

It has been said, on this occasion, that "while this unhappy but most excellent Poet was under

such restrictions, the Fleet became the seat of the Muses; and all the men of wit and genius in the age repaired to this gloomy temple. Such company dispelled the very idea of confinement, and gave his apartments the air of the Court of Apollo."—Certain it was that Mr. Lloyd was visited in his confinement by a number of those who had, or would be thought to have pretensions to wit; but it was a just distinction he himself made between his numerous acquaintance, and those few, very few friends, by whom he was not wholly abandoned to misfortune*.

In conjunction with Mr. Charles Denis he at this time undertook a translation of the *Contes Moraux* of Marmontel: a hasty performance that did them little credit, and would have done them still less, had not a second attempt by Mr. Colman to translate that elegant Author at greater leisure, proved almost equally abortive.

Mr. Lloyd also during his confinement wrote a ballad opera, entitled the *Capricious Lovers*, taken from a favourite piece of another French Author. It was acted at Drury-lane Theatre with some applause; but not with so much as it merited.

The sensibility of Mr. Lloyd appears to have been greatly hurt by the coldness and contempt with which many of his brother wits and poetical friends behaved to him in his adversity. Of this he feelingly complains, in his Epistle to Mr.

* Among these, perhaps, none merit particular attention but his staunch and generous friends Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Churchill; the latter allowing him a regular stipend of a guinea a week, from the commencement of his confinement till his final release.

Woty; (see page 232) which Poem, with many others in his writings, serve to confirm the truth of the character given him by a contemporary writer; that he had a grateful heart, and shewed by his warm attachment to his friends, how extremely sensible he was of every kindness. It is a fact, that though the rigid moralist might have some reason to censure the irregularities of our Author's life, they were of such a nature as betrayed no intentional mischief or malevolence of temper; reflecting on him the character so well known under the denomination of *No man's enemy but his own*, rather than that of a friend only to himself and an enemy to others. If his grateful attachment to Mr. Churchill need any other proof than the fatal one of breaking his heart at his death, the following letters to their common friend Mr. Wilkes, the one written before and the other after Mr. Churchill's decease, sufficiently speak our Author's apprehensions and sense of that melancholy event:—

MY DEAR WILKES,

Your letters have given me inexpressible uneasiness concerning my friend Charles; and your not giving me a direction, leaves me in still greater anxiety that this may not reach you, and I consequently hear nothing how he does. Indeed we are all much alarmed; for though the seeming spirits of your letter to me gave us hopes it might not be so bad with him, that which Jack has received, entirely quashes them. Pray let me hear from you the earliest opportunity. I hope I shall not be doubly unfortunate in the loss of my friends, and be reduced to the comfortless necessity of brooding over my own calamities in this ungrateful situation. Dear Wilkes, give me all the in-

formation you can, and what services I can do, I in duty owe to you both; command. I am, in the sincerest affection, your's ever, R. LLOYD.

DEAR WILKES, *Tuesday, Nov. 20, Fleet.*

I will spare your own feelings and mine by any reflections on our irreparable loss. You did not, I imagine, receive my letter directed for you at an uncertainty, at the post-house, or if you did, you returned no answer, I suppose because you could give no comfort. I am pleased to find from Mr. Cotes, who communicated your letter to him this day to me, that you will be kind to the remains of our dear friend. What is in my power to execute, you will direct and command. And I could much wish, you would, as early as you can, bring your mind to write on such a subject.—Do, if it is only for the sake of my consolation, who indeed most truly want it, write to me, and as the memory of Charles was dear to you, do not forget him, who is most unfortunate in the loss of the living and the dead friend. I am with the greatest sincerity of friendship and affection, your's ever, R. LLOYD.

The news of Mr. Churchill's death being announced somewhat abruptly to our Author, while he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, and saying "I shall follow poor Charles," took to his bed, from which he never rose again.

In his sickness he was attended by a favourite sister of his deceased friend, Miss Patty Churchill; of whom it is said that she possessed a considerable portion of the sense, spirit, and genius of her brother. This young lady is reported to have been betrothed to Mr. Lloyd, and that so mournful was the effect, which the melancholy catastrophe of her lover and brother had on her *susceptible* mind, that she caught the contagion

of grief, which preyed on her spirits, and did not permit her long to survive them.

It is yet remarkable that Mr. Lloyd, though so excellent a classical scholar, had not the least tincture of the pedant in his character; none being more ready to turn pedants into ridicule; particularly those affected pedagogues, who attempted to reduce the numbers of English verse to the scale of Greek and Roman feet. Our Author was indeed one of those whom he describes under the title of real scholars.

> Whose knowledge unaffected flows
> And sits as easy as their clothes;
> Who care not tho' an *ac* or *sed*
> Misplac'd, endanger PRISCIAN's head;
> Nor think his wit a grain the worse,
> Who cannot frame a *Latin* verse,
> Or give a *Roman* proper word
> To things a Roman never heard.

It may be supposed that the loss of a writer of such eminence was, at least in verse, universally lamented. It was otherwise; his brother bards seemed as loth to celebrate his talents, as the world, in general, to acknowledge his virtues.

His name-sake, however, Mr. Evan Lloyd, (tho' but a moderate Poet) gave to the world some verses on his death, which conclude with the following lines:—

> Peace to thy ashes, LLOYD, ill treated Bard!
> Hard was thy lot, sweet bird! in this rude age,
> That coop'd thee up to whistle in a cage:
> Yet thou could'st even Freedom's self survive,
> And blithly sing, while CHURCHILL was alive;
> But when your mate was snatch'd, you droop'd and died;
> Blest was the trial, for thy truth was tried.
> For ages hence your chaplet shall be green:
> And, ages past, no withering leaf be seen;
> Softly repose upon the Muse's breast,
> And *Phœbus' self shall sing* you to your rest.

INTRODUCTION.

THE

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY*.

My Works are advertis'd for sale,
And censures fly as thick as hail;
While my poor scheme of publication
Supplies the dearth of conversation.
What will the *World* say?—That's your cry.
Who is the *World*? and what am I?
Once, but thank Heaven, those days are o'er,
And persecution reigns no more,
One man, *one* hardy man alone,
Usurp'd the critic's vacant throne,
And thence with neither taste nor wit,
By powerful catcall from the pit,
Knock'd farce, and play, and actor down.
Who pass'd the sentence then? the Town.
So now each upstart puny elf
Talks of the *world*, and means *himself*.
Yet in the circle there are those.
Who hurt e'en more than open foes:
Whose friendship serves the talking turn,
Just simmers to a kind concern,
And with a wond'rous soft expression
Expatiates upon indiscretion;

* Prefixed to the Quarto Edition published by subscription in his life time.

Flies from the Poems to the Man,
And gratifies the favourite plan
To pull down other's reputation,
And build their own on that foundation.
The scholar grave, of taste discerning,
Who lives on credit for his learning,
And has no better claim to wit
Than carping at what others writ,
With pitying kindness, friendly fear,
Whispers conjectures in your ear.
" I'm sorry—and he's much to blame—
" He might have publish'd—but his name!
" The thing might please a few, no doubt,
" As handed privately about—
" It might amuse a friend or two,
" Some partial friend like me and you;
" But when it comes to press and print
" You'll find, I fear, but little in't.
" He stands upon a dangerous brink
" Who totters o'er the sea of ink,
" Where reputation runs aground,
" The Author cast away, and drown'd.
" And then—'twas wilful and absurd,
" (So well approv'd, so well preferr'd)
" Abruptly thus a place to quit—
" A place which most his genius hit,
" The theatre for Latin wit!
" With critics round him chaste and terse,
" To give a plaudit to his verse!"
Latin, I grant, shews college breeding,
And some school-common-place of reading.
But has in *Moderns* small pretension
To real wit or strong invention.
The excellence you critics praise
Hangs on a curious choice of phrase;

Which pick'd and chosen here and there,
From prose or verse no matter where,
Jumbled together in a dish,
Like Spanish olio, fowl, flesh, fish,
You set the classic hodge-podge on
For pedant wits to feed upon.
Your wou'd-be Genii vainly seek
Fame from their Latin verse, or Greek;
Who would for that be most admir'd
Which blockheads may, and have acquir'd.
A mere mechanical connection
Of favourite words,—a bare collection
Of phrases,—where the labour'd cento
Presents you with a dull memento,
How *Virgil, Horace, Ovid* join,
And club together half a line.
These only strain their motly wits
In gathering patches, shreds, and bits,
To wrap their barren fancies in,
And make a classic Harlequin.
—Were I at once impower'd to shew
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than using him as learning's tool
To make him Usher of a school.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And lab'ring with incessant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.
For whosoe'er, though slightly, sips,
Their grateful flavour with his lips,

Will find it leave a smatch behind,
Shall sink so deeply in the mind,
It never thence can be eras'd—
But, rising up, you call it *Taste.*
'Twere foolish for a drudge to chuse
A gusto which he cannot use.
Better discard the idle whim,
What's *He* to *Taste*? or *Taste* to *Him*?
For me, it hurts me to the soul
To brook confinement or controul;
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,
The links, and joints, and rules of verse;
To deal out Authors by retale,
Like penny pots of *Oxford* ale;
—Oh! 'Tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar.
Yet such *his* task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;
And while, a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear,
No joys, alas! his toil beguile—
His *own* lies fallow all the while.
" Yet still he's in the road, you say,
" Of learning."—Why, perhaps, he may.
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still:
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.
" Yet you can send advent'rous youth,
" In search of letters, taste, and truth,

" Who ride the highway road to knowledge
" Through the plain turnpikes of a college,"
True.—Like way-posts, we serve to shew
The road which travellers should go;
Who jog along in easy pace,
Secure of coming to the place,
Yet find, return whene'er they will,
The *Post*, and it's direction still:
Which stands an useful unthank'd guide,
To many a passenger beside.
'Tis hard to carve for others meat,
And not have time one's self to eat.
Though, be it always understood,
Our appetites are full as good.
" But there have been, and proofs appear,
" Who bore this load from year to year;
" Whose claim to letters, parts, and wit,
" The world has ne'er disputed yet.
" Whether the flowing mirth prevail
" In *Westley's* song, or humorous tale;
" Or happier *Bourne's* expression please
" With graceful turns of classic ease;
" Or *Oxford's* well-read poet sings
" Pathetic to the ear of Kings:
" These have indulg'd the muses' flight,
" Nor lost their time or credit by't;
" Nor suffer'd fancy's dreams to prey
" On the due business of the day.
" Verse was to them a recreation
" Us'd but by way of relaxation."
Your instances are fair and true,
And genius I respect with you.
I envy none their honest praise;
I seek to blast no scholar's bays:

Still let the graceful foliage spread
It's greenest honours round their head,
Blest, if the Muses' hand entwine
A sprig at least to circle mine!
Come,—I admit, you tax me right.
Prudence, 'tis true, was out of sight,
And you may whisper all you meet,
The man was vague and indiscreet.
Yet tell me, while you censure me,
Are you from error sound and free?
Say, does your breast no bias hide,
Whose influence draws the mind aside?
All have their hobby-horse, you see,
From Tristram down to you and me.
Ambition, splendour, may be thine;
Ease, indolence, perhaps, are mine.
Though prudence, and our nature's pride
May wish our weaknesses to hide,
And set their hedges up before 'em,
Some Sprouts will branch, and straggle o'er 'em.
Strive, fight against her how you will,
Nature will be the mistress still,
And though you curb with double rein,
She'll run away with us again.
But let a man of parts be wrong,
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
The fools shall cackle out reproof,
The very ass shall raise his hoof;
And he who holds in his possession
The single virtue of discretion,
Who knows no overflow of spirit,
Whose want of passions is his merit,
Whom wit and taste and judgement flies,
Shall shake his noddle, and *seem* wise.

THE ACTOR:

ADDRESSED TO

BONNEL THORNTON, Esq.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
From no observance of mechanic laws:
No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age;
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.
If, 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to sit,
Is he pleased more because 'twas acted so
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
The mind recals an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes so near.
Why lov'd he Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone?
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.

A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.

Thrice happy Genius, whose unrival'd name
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
'Tis thine to lead with more than magic skill,
The train of captive passions at thy will;
To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe;
Through ev'ry vain I feel a chilness creep,
When horrors such as thine *have murder'd sleep;*
And at the old man's look and frantic stare
'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.
Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
The Comic Muse too claims thee for her own.
With each delightful requisite to please,
Taste, Spirit, Judgment, Elegance, and Ease,
Familiar Nature forms thy only rule,
From Ranger's rake to Drugger's vacant fool.
With powers so pliant, and so various blest,
That what we see the last, we like the best.
Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.

The Play'r's profession (tho' I hate the phrase,
'Tis so *mechanic* in these modern days)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
Nature's true knowledge is the only art.
The strong-felt passion bolts into his face,
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace?
To this one standard make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret; learn to FEEL.
Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distrest,
No actor pleases that is not *possess'd*.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
When Christians were the subject of their plays,
E'er persecution dropp'd her iron rod,
And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
An actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's disciple, and Genest his name.
A noble object for his skill he chose,
A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes.
Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause.
Fill'd with th' idea of the sacred part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
While look and voice, and gesture, all exprest
A kindred ardour in the player's breast;

Till as the flame thro' all his bosom ran,
He lost the Actor, and commenc'd the Man;
Profest the faith; his pagan gods denied,
And what he acted then, he after died.

The Player's province they but vainly try,
Who want these pow'rs, *Deportment*, *Voice*, and *Eye*.

The Critic Sight 'tis only *Grace* can please,
No figure charms us if it has not *Ease*.
There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling sense all other want supplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his size.
Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state.
One foot put forward in position strong,
The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along.
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet show.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful Actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a start.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!
Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
By perseverance to extort applause.
When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action nature's self will tell;
No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,
And nicer judgment always loaths excess.
In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molest,
I hate your fool who overacts his jest;

Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
And writes a foolish comment with his face.
Old Johnson once, tho' Cibber's perter vein
But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,
With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,
Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene,
What was writ down, with decent utt'rance spoke,
Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke;
The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And tho' upon the stage, appear'd no Play'r.

The word and action should conjointly suit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While sober humour marks th' impression strong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me closer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not asham'd of being so.

But let the generous Actor still forbear
To copy features with a Mimic's care!
'Tis a poor skill which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.

Worse as more close, the disingenuous art
But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forsaking nature's fair and open road
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with disgust I loath his servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
And hunt for humour in distortions there!
Fill up the measure of the motley whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress.
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
Their words, like stage-processions, stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear;
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose:
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,

Than he, who, swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh!
Up to the Face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking Eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flow'rets round,
And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,
In vain now sings, now heaves the desp'rate sigh,
If phrenzy sit not in the troubled eye.
In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,
And call the tear fast trick'ling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage;
A want of due attention on the stage.
I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whose tongues wonnd up set forward from their cue;

In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say;
Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,
And strive to speak, and be the very man.
Why should the well-bred Actor wish to know
Who sits above to-night, or who below?
So 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage;
When, with a simp'ring leer, and bow profound,
The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'sie to her Grace.

To suit the dress demands the actor's art,
Yet there are those who over-dress the part;
To some prescriptive right gives settled things,
Black wigs to murd'rers, feather'd hats to Kings.
But Michael Cassio might be drunk enough,
Tho' all his features were not grim'd with snuff.
Why shou'd Pol Peachum shine in satin cloaths?
Why ev'ry devil dance in scarlet hose?

But in stage-customs what offends me most
Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost.
Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear?

When chilling horrors shake th' affrighted King,
And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting;
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
And fancy tells him that the seat is full;
Why need the ghost usurp the Monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face?
The King alone shou'd form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,
Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?
When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
And still pursues them with a frantic stare,
'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
More instant horror would enforce the scene,
If all her shudd'rings were at shapes unseen.

Poet and Actor thus, with blended skill,
Mould all our passions to their instant will;

'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
(The speaking comment of his Shakespear's page)
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O, ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste!
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
More natural uses to the stage belong,
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song.
For other purpose was that spot design'd:
To purge the passions, and reform the mind,
To give to nature all the force of art,
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
The decent stage as virtue's natural friend.
Tho' oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
No reason weighs against it's proper use.
Tho' the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall they, who trace the passions from their rise,
Shew scorn her features, her own image vice!

Who teach the mind it's proper force to scan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,
Who stand the foremost in the moral train,
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And strike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapless Artist! tho' thy skill can raise
The bursting peal of universal praise,
Tho' at thy beck Applause delighted stands,
And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
Know, Fame awards thee but a partial breath!
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest times th' Eternal Nature feel.
Tho' blended here the praise of bard and play'r,
While more than half becomes the Actor's share,
Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
And sinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

THE

CIT'S COUNTRY BOX,

1757.

Vos sapere & solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. HOR.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair,
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With *Jacky* on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;

While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration.

What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear.
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air.
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from *Cheney-Row*;
He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,
But not so *warm*, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be out-done my dear!

Sir Traffic's name so well apply'd
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,

Confess'd her arguments had reason,
And by th' approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his Country Box.

Some three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it ev'ry day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have an house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
And wanton in my lady's head.

Well to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground;

So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so *countrified!*
'Twould come but to a trifling price
To make it quite a paradise;
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly broken mouldy pales:
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing, all Chinese.
Although one hates to be expos'd;
'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd;
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
Objects continual passing by
Were something to amuse the eye,
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house, beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While ev'ry trav'ller in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.

No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure,
The title of a Connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgement, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je-ne-scai-quoi, Virtù:
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists, and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ller with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic, or Chinese,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four feet wide,

With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.
In front, a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green,
Where Taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking, sly *Ha-ha*,
By whose miraculous assistance,
You gain a prospect two fields distance.
And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
The Gods of Athens, and of Rome.
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces:
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The Villa thus completely grac'd,
[redacted] own that Thrifty has a Taste;
And Madam's female friends, and cousins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the Seat,
To stare about them, and—to eat.

SHAKESPEARE:

AN EPISTLE TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

THANKS to much industry and pains,
Much twisting of the wit and brains,
Translation has unlock'd the store,
And spread abroad the Grecian lore,
While Sophocles his scenes are grown
E'en as familiar as our own.

No more shall taste presume to speak
From its enclosures in the Greek;
But, all its fences broken down,
Lie at the mercy of the town.

Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,
" 'Tis blasphemy against that stage,

" Which Æschylus his warmth defin'd,
" Euripides his taste resign'd,
" And Sophocles his last direction,
" Stamp'd with the signet of perfection."

Perfection! 'tis a word ideal,
That bears about it nothing real:
For excellence was never hit
In the first essays of man's wit.
Shall *ancient* worth, or *ancient* fame
Preclude the Moderns from their claim?
Must they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,
Who write not up to Grecian rules?
Who tread in buskins or in socks,
Must they be damn'd as Heterodox,
Nor merit of good works prevail,
Except within the classic pale?
'Tis stuff that bears the name of knowledge,
Not current half a mile from college;
Where half their lectures yield no more
(Besure I speak of times of yore)
Than just a niggard light, to mark
How much we all are in the dark.
As rushlights in a spacious room,
Just burn enough to form a gloom.

When Shakespeare leads the mind a dance,
From France to England, hence to France,
Talk not to me of time and place;
I own I'm happy in the chace.
Whether the drama's here or there,
'Tis nature, Shakespeare, every where;
The poet's fancy can create,
Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
Bring past and present close together,
n spite of distance, seas, or weather;
And shut up in a single action,
What cost whole years in its transaction.
So, ladies at a play, or rout,
Can flirt the universe about,
Whose geographical account
Is drawn and pictured on the mount.
Yet, when they please, contract the plan,
And shut the world up in a fan.

True Genius, like Armida's wand,
Can raise the spring from barren land.
While all the art of Imitation,
Is pilf'ring from the first creation;
Transplanting flowers, with useless toil,
Which wither in a foreign soil.

As conscience often sets us right
By its interior active light,
Without th' assistance of the laws
To combat in the moral cause.
So Genius, of itself discerning,
Without the mystic rules of learning,
Can, from its present intuition,
Strike at the truth of composition.

Yet those who breathe the classic vein,
Enlisted in the mimic train,
Who ride their steed with double bit,
Ne'er run away with by their wit,
Delighted with the pomp of rules,
The specious pedantry of schools,
(Which rules, like crutches, ne'er became
Of any use but to the lame)
Pursue the method set before 'em;
Talk much of order, and decorum,
Of probability, of fiction,
Of manners, ornament, and diction,
And with a jargon of hard names,
(A privilege which dulness claims,
And merely us'd by way of fence,
To keep out plain and common sense)

Extol the wit of ancient days,
The simple fabric of their plays;
Then from the fable, all so chaste,
Trick'd up in ancient-modern taste,
So mighty gentle all the while,
In such a sweet descriptive stile,
While Chorus marks the servile mode
With fine reflection, in an ode,
Present you with a perfect piece,
Form'd on the model of old Greece.

Come, pr'ythee Critic, set before us,
The use and office of a chorus.
What! silent! why then, I'll produce
Its services from antient use.

'Tis to be ever on the stage,
Attendants upon grief or rage,
To be an arrant go-between,
Chief-mourner at each dismal scene;
Shewing its sorrow, or delight,
By shifting dances, left and right,
Not much unlike our modern notions,
Adagio or *Allegro* motions;
To watch upon the deep distress,
And plaints of royal wretchedness;

And when, with tears, and execration,
They've pour'd out all their lamentation,
And wept whole cataracts from their eyes,
To call on rivers for supplies,
And with their *Hais*, and *Hees*, and *Hoes*,
To make a symphony of woes.

Doubtless the Antients want the art
To strike at once upon the heart:
Or why their prologues of a mile
In simple—call it—humble stile,
In unimpassion'd phrase to say
" 'Fore the beginning of this play,
" I, hapless Polydore, was found
" By fishermen, or others drown'd!"
Or, " I, a gentleman, did wed,
" The lady I wou'd never bed,
" Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,
" Who's coming hither to draw water."

Or need the Chorus to reveal
Reflexions, which the audience feel;
And jog them, lest attention sink,
To tell them how and what to think?

Boldly pursu'd the free decisive task,
Nor stabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruffian's mask;
To works not men, with honest warmth, severe,
Th' impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear:
Theirs was the noble skill, with gen'rous aim,
To fan true genius to an active flame;
To bring forth merit in its strongest light,
Or damn the blockhead to his native night.

But, as all states are subject to decay,
The state of letters too will melt away;
Smit with the harlot charms of trilling sound
Softness now wantons e'en on Roman ground;
Where Thebans, Spartans, sought their honour'd graves,
Behold a weak enervate race of slaves.
In classic lore, deep science, language dead,
Tho' modern witlings are but scantly read,
Professors fail not, who will loudly bawl
In praise of either, with the want of all:
Hail'd mighty critics to this present hour,
—The tribune's name surviv'd the tribune's pow'r.

Now Quack and Critic differ but in name,
Empirics frontless both, they mean the same;

This raw in Physic, that in Letters fresh,
Both spring, like warts, excrescence from the flesh.
Half form'd, half bred in printers' hireling schools,
For all professions have their rogues and fools,
Tho' the pert witling, or the coward knave,
Casts no reflection on the wise or brave.

Yet, in these leaden times, this idle age,
When, blind with dulness, or as blind with rage,
Author 'gainst author rails with venom curst,
And happy He who calls out blockhead first;
From the low earth aspiring genius springs,
And sails triumphant, born on eagle wings.
No toothless spleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
Shall rob thee, Churchill, of thy proper fame;
While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
Fool lives, and shines out fool to latest time.

Pity perhaps might wish a harmless fool
To scape th' observance of the critic school;
But if low malice, leagu'd with folly, rise,
Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with lies;
Should wakeful dulness, if she ever wake,
Write sleepy nonsense but for writing's sake,
And, stung with rage, and piously severe,
Wish bitter comforts to your dying ear;

If some small wit, some silk-lin'd verseman, rakes
For quaint reflections in the putrid jakes,
Talents usurp'd demand a censor's rage,
A dunce is dunce proscrib'd in ev'ry age.

Courtier, physician, lawyer, parson, cit,
All, all are objects of theatric wit.
Are ye then, Actors, privileg'd alone,
To make that weapon, ridicule, your own?
Professions bleed not from his just attack,
Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or quack;
Fools on and off the stage are fools the same,
And every dunce is satire's lawful game.
Freely you thought, where thought has free'st room,
Why then apologize? for what? to whom?

Though Gray's-Inn wits with author squires unite,
And self-made giants club their labour'd mite,
Though pointless satire make its weak escape,
In the dull babble of a mimic ape,
Boldly pursue where genius points the way,
Nor heed what monthly puny critics say.
Firm in thyself, with calm indifference smile,
When the wise Vet'ran knows you by your stile,
With critic scales weighs out the partial wit,
What I, or You, or He, or no one writ;

Denying thee thy just and proper worth,
But to give falshood's spurious issue birth;
And all self-will'd with lawless hand to raise
Malicious slander on the base of praise.

Disgrace eternal wait the wretch's name
Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame;
Who wears the trappings of another's wit,
Or fathers bantling which he could not get!
But shrewd Suspicion with her squinting eye,
To truth declar'd, prefers a whisper'd lye,
With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,
Relates her wishes, and with joy deceives.

The World, a pompous name, by custom due
To the small circle of a talking few,
With heart-felt glee th' injurious tale repeats,
And sends the whisper buzzing through the streets.
The prude demure, with sober saint-like air,
Pities her neighbour for she's wond'rous fair.
And when temptations lie before our feet,
Beauty is frail, and females indiscreet.
She hopes the nymph will every danger shun,
Yet prays devoutly—that the deed were done;
Mean time sits watching for the daily lie,
As spiders lurk to catch a simple fly.

Yet is not scandal to one sex confin'd,
Though men would fix it on the weaker kind.
Yet, this great lord, creation's master, man,
Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,
Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,
For instance now, your Rosciad, all to me.

If partial friendship, in thy sterling lays,
Grows all too wanton in another's praise,
Critics, who judge by ways themselves have known,
Shall swear the praise, the poem is my own;
For 'tis the method in these learned days
For wits to scribble first, and after praise.
Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched stuff,
And help out nonsense by a monthly puff,
Exalt to giant's forms weak puny elves,
And descant sweetly on their own dear selves;
For works per month by learning's midwives paid,
Demand a puffing in the way of trade.

Reserv'd and cautious, with no partial aim
My Muse e'er sought to blast another's fame.
With willing hand cou'd twine a rival's bays,
From candour silent where she cou'd not praise.
But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)
Actor, or mimic, printer, or Review,

Lies, oft o'erthrown, with ceaseless venom spread
Still hiss out scandal from their Hydra head,
If the dull malice boldly walk the town,
Patience herself wou'd wrinkle to a frown.
Come then with justice draw the ready pen,
Give me the works, I wou'd not know the men.
All in their turns might make reprisals too,
Had all the patience but to read them through.
Come, to the utmost, probe the desperate wound,
Nor spare the knife where'er infection's found!

But, Prudence, Churchill, or her sister, Fear,
Whispers forbearance to my fright'ned ear.
Oh! then with me forsake the thorny road,
Lest we should flounder in some Fleet-ditch Ode,
And sunk for ever in the lazy flood
Weep with the Naiads heavy drops of Mud.

Hail mighty Ode! which, like a picture frame,
Holds any portrait, and with any name;
Or, like your nitches, planted thick and thin,
Will serve to cram the random hero in.

Hail mighty Bard too—whatsoe'er thy name,
———, or Durfy, for it's all the same.

To brother bards shall equal praise belong,
For wit, for genius, comedy, and song?
No costive Muse is thine, which freely rakes
With ease familiar in the well-known jakes,
Happy in skill to souse through foul and fair,
And toss the dung out with a *lordly* air.
So have I seen, amidst the grinning throng,
The sledge procession slowly dragg'd along,
Where the mock female shrew and hen-peck'd male
Scoop'd rich contents from either copious pail,
Call'd bursts of laughter from the roaring rout,
And dash'd and splash'd the filthy grains about.

Quit then, my friend, the Muses' lov'd abode,
Alas! they lead not to preferment's road.
Be solemn, sad, put on the priestly frown,
Be dull! 'tis sacred, and becomes the gown.
Leave wit to others, do a Christian deed,
Your foes shall thank you, for they know their need.

Broad is the path by learning's sons possess'd,
A thousand modern wits might walk abreast,
Did not each poet mourn his luckless doom,
Jostled by pedants out of elbow room.
I, who nor court their love, nor fear their hate,
Must mourn in silence o'er the Muse's fate.

No right of common now on Pindus' hill,
While all our tenures are by critic's will.
Where, watchful guardians of the lady muse,
Dwell monstrous giants, dreadful tall REVIEWS,
Who, as we read in fam'd romance of yore,
Sound but a horn, press forward to the door.
But let some chief, some bold advent'rous knight,
Provoke these champions to an equal fight,
Strait into air to spaceless nothing fall
The castle, lions, giants, dwarf, and all.

Ill it befits with undiscerning rage,
To censure Giants in this polish'd age.
No lack of genius stains these happy times,
No want of learning, and no dearth of rhymes.
The see-saw Muse that flows by *measur'd* laws,
In tuneful numbers, and affected pause,
With sound alone, sound's happy virtue fraught,
Which hates the trouble and expence of thought,
Once, every moon throughout the circling year,
With even cadence charms the critic ear.
While, dire promoter of poetic sin,
A *Magazine* must hand the lady in.

How *Moderns* write, how nervous, strong, and well,
The ANTI-ROSCIAD's decent Muse *does* tell:

Who, while she strives to cleanse each actor hurt,
Daubs with her praise, and rubs him into dirt.

Sure never yet was happy æra known
So gay, so wise, so *tasteful* as our own.
Our curious histories rise at once COMPLETE,
Yet still *continued*, as they're paid, per sheet.

See every science which the world wou'd know,
Your Magazines shall every month bestow,
Whose very titles fill the mind with awe,
Imperial, Christian, Royal, British, Law;
Their rich contents will every reader fit,
Statesman, Divine, Philosopher, and *Wit;*
Compendious schemes! which teach all things at once,
And make a pedant coxcomb of a dunce.

But let not anger with such frenzy grow,
Drawcansir like, to strike down friend and foe.
To real worth be homage duly paid,
But no allowance to the paltry trade.
My friends I name not (though I boast a few,
To me an honour, and to letters too)
Fain would I praise, but, when such *Things* oppose
My praise of course must make them ——'s foes

If manly JOHNSON, with satyric rage,
Lash the dull follies of a trifling age,
If his strong Muse with genuine strength aspire,
Glows not the reader with the poet's fire?
HIS the true fire, where creep the witling fry
To warm themselves, and light their rushlights by.

What Muse like GRAY'S shall pleasing pensive flow
Attemper'd sweetly to the rustic woe?
Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,
And, as his master, pour forth thoughts of fire?

E'en now to guard afflicted learning's cause,
To judge by reason's rules, and nature's laws,
Boast we *true critics* in their proper right,
While LOWTH and Learning, HURD and Taste unite.

Hail sacred names!—Oh guard the Muses page,
Save your lov'd mistress from a ruffian's rage;
See how she grasps and struggles hard for life,
Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife:
Critics, like surgeons, blest with curious art,
Should mark each passage to the human heart,

But not, unskilful, yet with lordly air,
Read surgeon's lectures while they scalp and tear.

To names like these I pay the hearty vow,
Proud of their worth, and not asham'd to bow.
To these inscribe my rude, but honest lays,
And feel the pleasures of my conscious praise.
Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,
And poorly glimmer from reflected fame,
But that the Muse, who owns no servile fear,
Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

TO

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

WRITTEN JANUARY 1, 1761,

FROM TESSINGTON, IN DERBYSHIRE.

FRIENDSHIP with most is dead and cool,
A dull, inactive, stagnant pool;
Your's like the lively current flows,
And shares the pleasure it bestows.
If there is ought, whose lenient pow'r
Can sooth affliction's painful hour,
Sweeten the bitter cup of care,
And snatch the wretched from despair,
Superior to the sense of woes,
From friendship's source the balsam flows.

Rich then am I, possest of thine,
Who know that happy balsam mine.

In youth, from nature's genuine heat,
The souls congenial spring to meet,
And emulation's infant strife,
Cements the man in future life.
Oft too the mind well-pleas'd surveys
It's progress from it's childish days;
Sees how the current upwards ran,
And reads the child o'er in the man.
For men, in reason's sober eyes,
Are children, but of larger size,
Have still their idle hopes and fears,
And Hobby-Horse of riper years.

Whether a blessing, or a curse,
My rattle is the love of verse.
Some fancied parts, and emulation,
Which still aspires to reputation,
Bade infant fancy plume her flight,
And held the laurel full to sight.
For vanity, the poet's sin,
Had ta'en possession all within:
And he whose brain is verse-possest,
Is in himself as highly blest

As he, whose lines and circles vie
With heav'n's direction of the sky.

Howe'er the river rolls it's tides,
The cork upon the surface rides.
And on Ink's Ocean, lightly buoy'd,
That cork of vanity is Lloyd.
Let *me* too use the common claim
And souse at once upon my name,
Which some have done with greater stress,
Who know me, and who love me less.

Poets are very harmless things,
Unless you teaze one till he stings;
And when affronts are plainly meant,
We're bound in honour to resent:
And what tribunal will deny
An injur'd person to reply?

In these familiar emanations,
Which are but writing conversations,
Where thought appears in dishabille,
And fancy does just what she will,
The sourest critic wou'd excuse
The vagrant sallies of the Muse:

Which lady, for Apollo's blessing,
Has still attended our caressing,
As many children round her sees
As maggots in a Cheshire cheese,
Which I maintain at vast expence,
Of pen and paper, time and sense:
And surely 'twas no small miscarriage
When first I enter'd into marriage.
The poet's title which I bear,
With some strange castles in the air,
Was all my portion with the fair.

However narrowly I look,
In Phœbus's *valorem* book,
I cannot from enquiry find
Poets had much to leave behind.
They had a copyhold estate
In lands which they themselves create,
A foolish title to a *fountain*,
A right of common in a *mountain*,
And yet they liv'd amongst the great,
More than their brethren do of late;
Invited out at feasts to dine,
Eat as they pleas'd, and drank their wine;
Nor is it any where set down
They tipt the servants half a crown,

But pass'd amid the waiting throng
And pay'd the porter with a song;
As once, a wag, in modern days,
When all are in these bribing ways,
His shillings to dispense unable,
Scrap'd half the fruit from off the table,
And walking gravely thro' the croud,
Which stood obsequiously, and bow'd,
To keep the fashion up of tipping,
Dropt in each hand a golden pippin.

But there's a difference indeed
'Twixt ancient bards and modern breed.
Tho' poet known, in Roman days,
Fearless he walk'd the public ways,
Nor ever knew that sacred name
Contemptuous smile, or painful shame:
While with a foolish face of praise,
The folks wou'd stop to gape and gaze,
And half untold the story leave,
Pulling their neighbour by the sleeve,
While th' index of the finger shews,
—There—yonder's Horace—there he goes.

This finger, I allow it true,
Points at us modern poets too:

But 'tis by way of wit and joke,
To laugh, or as the phrase is, *smoke.*

Yet there are those, who're fond of wit,
Altho' they never us'd it yet,
Who wits and witlings entertain;
Of Taste, Virtù, and Judgment vain,
And dinner, grace, and grace-cup done,
Expect a wond'rous deal of fun:
" Yes—He at bottom—don't you know him?
" That's He that wrote the last new poem.
" His Humour's exquisitely high,
" You'll hear him open by and by."

The man in print and conversation
Have often very small relation;
And he, whose humour hits the town,
When copied fairly, and set down,
In public company may pass,
For little better than an ass.
Perhaps the fault is on his side,
Springs it from modesty, or pride,
Those qualities asham'd to own,
For which he's happy to be known;
Or that his nature's strange and shy,
And diffident, he knows not why;

Or from a prudent kind of fear,
As knowing that the world's severe,
He wou'd not suffer to escape
Familiar wit in easy shape:
Lest gaping fools, and vile repeaters,
Should catch her up, and spoil her features,
And, for the child's unlucky maim,
The faultless parent come to shame.

Well, but methinks I hear you say,
"Write then, my friend!"—Write what?—"a Play.
"The theatres are open yet,
"The market for all sterling wit;
"Try the strong efforts of your pen,
"And draw the characters of men;
"Or bid the bursting tear to flow,
"Obedient to the fabled woe:
"With Tragedy's severest art,
"Anatomize the human heart,
"And, that you may be understood,
"Bid nature speak, as nature shou'd."

That talent, George, tho' yet untried,
Perhaps my genius has denied;

You rob some others of a feather,
They've worn for thirty years together.

But grant the cast is as you like,
To actors which you think will strike.
To-morrow then—(but as you know
I've ne'er a Comedy to shew,
Let me a while in conversation,
Make free with yours for application)
The arrow's flight can't be prevented—
To-morrow then, will be presented
The JEALOUS WIFE! To-morrow? Right.
How do you sleep, my friend, to-night?
Have you no pit-pat hopes and fears,
Roast-beef, and catcalls in your ears?
Mab's wheels across your temples creep,
You toss and tumble in your sleep,
And cry aloud, with rage and spleen,
"That fellow murders all my scene."

To-morrow comes. I know your merit,
And see the piece's fire and spirit;
Yet friendship's zeal is ever hearty,
And dreads the efforts of a party.

The coach below, the clock gone five,
Now to the theatre we drive;

Peeping the curtain's eyelet through,
Behold the house in dreadful view!
Observe how close the critics sit,
And not one bonnet in the pit.
With horror hear the galleries ring,
Nosy! Black Joke! God save the King!
Sticks clatter, catcalls scream, *Encore!*
Cocks crow, pit hisses, galleries roar:
E'en *cha' some oranges* is found
This night to have a dreadful sound:
'Till, decent sables on his back
(Your prologuizers all wear black)
The prologue comes; and, if it's mine,
It's very good and very fine.
If not, I take a pinch of snuff,
And wonder where you got such stuff.

That done, a-gape the critics sit,
Expectant of the comic wit.
The fiddlers play again pell-mell,
—But hist!—the prompter rings his bell.
—Down there! hats off!—the curtain draws!
What follows is—the just applause.

THE

SATYR AND PEDLAR,

1757.

WORDS are, so Wollaston defines,
Of our ideas merely signs,
Which have a pow'r at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now *damn'd* for instance—all agree,
Damn'd's the *superlative degree;*
Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore;
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
Which has no meaning of it's own,
But signifies or bad or good,
Just as it's neighbour's understood.
Examples we may find enough,
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine, *damn'd* stuff.

So fares it too with it's relation,
I mean it's substantive, *damnation*.
The wit with metaphors makes bold,
And tells you he's *damnation* cold;
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
The self-same wit's *damnation* hot.
And here a fable I remember—
Once in the middle of December,
When ev'ry mead in snow is lost,
And ev'ry river bound with frost;
When families get all together,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When—pox on the descriptive rhyme—
In short it was the winter time.
It was a Pedlar's happy lot,
To fall into a Satyr's cot:
Shiv'ring with cold, and almost froze,
With pearly drop upon his nose,
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,
He blew upon them with his breath.
" Friend, quoth the Satyr, what intends
" That blowing on thy fingers' ends?"
" It is to warm them thus I blow,
" For they are froze as cold as snow.
" And so inclement has it been
" I'm like a cake of ice within."

Come, quoth the Satyr, comfort, man!
I'll chear thy inside, if I can;
You're welcome in my homely cottage
To a warm fire, and mess of pottage.

This said, the Satyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth,
Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,
As smoking on the board it stood.
But, though the very steam arose
With grateful odour to his nose,
One single sip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was so wond'rous hot.
What can be done?—with gentle puff
He blows it, 'till it's cool enough.

Why how now, Pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing! quoth the Satyr.
I blow to cool it, cries the Clown,
That I may get the liquor down:
For though I grant, you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, sir, as hot as hell.

Then raising high his cloven stump,
The Satyr smote him on the rump.

Begone, thou double knave, or fool,
With the same breath to warm and cool:
Friendship with such I never hold
Who're so *damn'd* hot, and so *damn'd* cold."

THE NIGHTINGALE,

OWL, AND CUCKOW.

A FABLE.

ADDRESSED TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

ON THE REPORT OF HIS RETIRING FROM THE STAGE, DECEMBER 1760.

CRITICS, who like the scarecrows stand
Upon the poet's common land,
And with severity of sense,
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all sublime,
Whether you write in prose or rhyme.
And yet the truth may lose it's grace,
If blurted to a person's face;
Especially if what you speak
Shou'd crimson o'er the glowing cheek:
For when you throw that slaver o'er him,
And tumble out your praise before him,
However just the application,
It looks a-squint at adulation.

I would be honest and sincere,
But not a flatterer, or severe.
Need I be surly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the truth?
And She, good dame, with Beauty's Queen,
Was not at all times naked seen:
For every boy, with Prior, knows,
By accident she lost her cloaths,
When Falshood stole them to disguise
Her misbegotten brood of lies.
Why should the prudish Goddess dwell
Down at the bottom of a well,
But that she is in pitious fright,
Lest, rising up to mortal sight,
The modest world shou'd fleer and flout her,
With not a rag of cloaths about her?
Yet she might wear a proper dress
And keep her essence ne'ertheless.
So Delia's bosom still will rise,
And fascinate her lover's eyes,
Tho' round her ivory neck she draws,
The decent shade of specious gauze.

I hear it buzz'd about the table,
What can this lead to?——Sirs,

A FABLE.

When Birds allow'd the Eagle's sway,
Ere Eagles turn'd to fowls of prey,
His Royal Majesty of Air
Took Music underneath his care;
And, for his queen and court's delight,
Commanded Concerts ev'ry night.
Here every Bird of Parts might enter,
The Nightingale was made Precentor;
Under whose care and just direction,
Merit was sure to meet protection.
The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Robin,
This concert always bore a bob in:
The best performers all were in it,
The Thrush, Canary-bird, and Linnet.

But Birds, alas! are apt to aim
At things, to which they've smallest claim.
The staring Owl, with hideous hoot,
Offer'd his service for a flute.
The Cuckow needs would join the band;
"The Thrush is but a paltry hand:
"And I can best supply that place,
"For I've a shake, a swell, a grace."

The Manager their suit preferr'd:
Both tun'd their pipes; and both were heard;
Yet each their several praises miss'd,
For both were heard, and both were hiss'd.

The Cuckow hence, with rancour stirr'd,
(A kind of *periodic* bird,
Of nasty hue, and body scabby,
No would-be-play-wright half so shabby)
Reviles, abuses, and defames,
Screams from a branch, and calls hard names,
And strikes at Nightingale or Lark,
Like Lisbon ruffians, in the dark.

The Owl harangues the gaping throng
On *Pow'rs*, and excellence of song,
"The Blackbird's note has lost it's force;
"The Nightingale is downright hoarse;
"The Linnet's harsh; the Robin shrill;
"— The Sparrow has prodigious skill."

At length they had what they desir'd:
The skilful Nightingale retir'd.
When Folly came, with wild Uproar,
And Harmony was heard no more.

THE POET.

AN EPISTLE TO

C. CHURCHILL.

WELL—shall I wish you joy of fame,
That loudly echoes CHURCHILL'S name,
And sets you on the Muses' throne,
Which right of conquest made your own?
Or shall I (knowing how unfit
The world esteems a man of wit,
That wheresoever he appears,
They wonder if the knave has ears)
Address with joy and lamentation,
CONDOLENCE and CONGRATULATION,
As colleges, who duly bring
Their mess of verse to every king,
Too *œconomical* in taste,
Their sorrow or their joy to waste;

Mix both together, sweet and sour;
And bind the thorn up with the flow'r?

Sometimes 'tis Elegy, or Ode.
Epistle now's your only mode.
Whether that style more glibly hits,
The fancies of our rambling wits,
Who wince and kick at all oppression,
But love to straggle in digression;
Or, that by writing to the GREAT
In letters, honours, or estate,
We slip more easy into fame,
By clinging to another's name,
And with their strength our weakness yoke,
As ivy climbs about an oak;
As TUFT-HUNTERS will buzz and purr
About a FELLOW-COMMONER,
Or Crows will wing a higher flight,
When sailing round the floating kite.

Whate'er the motive, 'tis the mode,
And I will travel in the road.
The fashionable track pursue,
And write my simple thoughts to YOU,
Just as they rise from head or heart,
Not marshall'd by the herald Art.

By vanity or pleasure led,
From thirst of fame, or want of bread,
Shall any start up sons of rhyme
PATHETIC, EASY, or SUBLIME?
—— You'd think, to hear what Critics say,
Their labour was no more than play:
And that, but such a paltry station
Reflects disgrace on education,
(As if we could at once forsake
What education helps to make)
Each reader has superior skill,
And can write better when he will.

In short, howe'er you toil and drudge,
The world, the mighty world, is judge;
And nice and fanciful opinion
Sways all the world with strange dominion;
Opinion! which on crutches walks,
And sounds the words another talks.

Bring me eleven Critics *grown*,
Ten have no judgment of their own:
But, like the Cyclops watch the nod
Of some informing master god.
Or as, when near his latest breath,
The patient fain would juggle death,

When DOCTORS sit in CONSULTATION
(Which means no more than conversation,
A kind of comfortable chat
'Mongst social friends, on This and That,
As whether stocks get up or down,
And tittle-tattle of the town;
Books, pictures, politics, and news,
Who lies with whom, and who got whose)
Opinions never disagree,
One doctor writes, *all* take the fee.

But eminence offends at once
The owlish eye of critic dunce.
DULNESS alarm'd, collects her force,
And FOLLY screams till she is hoarse.
Then far abroad the LIBEL flies
From all th' artillery of lies,
MALICE, delighted, flaps her wing,
And EPIGRAM prepares her sting.
Around the frequent pellets whistle
From SATIRE, ODE, and pert EPISTLE;
While every blockhead strives to throw
His share of vengeance on his foe:
As if it were a Shrove-tide game,
And cocks and poets were the same.

Thus should a wooden collar deck
Some woeful 'squire's embarrass'd neck,
When high above the croud he stands
With equi-distant sprawling hands,
And without hat, politely bare,
Pops out his head to take the air;
The mob his kind acceptance begs
Of dirt, and stones, and addle-eggs.

O GENIUS! tho' thy noble skill
Can guide thy *Pegasus* at will,
Fleet let him bear thee as the wind——
DULLNESS mounts up and clings behind,
In vain you spur, and whip, and smack,
You cannot shake her from your back.

Ill-nature springs as merit grows,
Close as the thorn is to the rose.
Could HERCULANEUM'S friendly earth
Give MÆVIUS' works a second birth,
MALEVOLENCE, with lifted eyes,
Would sanctify the noble prize.
While *modern* critics should behold
Their near relation to the *old*,
And wond'ring gape at one another,
To see the likeness of a brother.

But with us *rhyming* moderns here,
itics are not the only fear;
ıe poet's bark meets sharper shocks
ɔm other sands, and other rocks.

Not such alone who understand,
hose book and memory are at hand,
ho scientific skill profess,
ıd are great adepts—*more* or *less;*
Whether distinguish'd by degree,
ıey write A. M. or sign M. D.
make advances somewhat higher,
ıd take a new degree of 'SQUIRE.)
ho read your authors, Greek and Latin,
ıd bring you strange quotations pat in,
if each sentence grew more terse
om odds and ends, and scraps of verse;
ho with true poetry dispense,
social sound suits simple sense,
ıd load one Letter with the labours,
hich would be shar'd among it's neighbours.
ho know that thought produces pain,
ıd deep reflection mads the brain,
ıd *therefore*, wise and prudent grown,
ave no ideas of their own.

BIBLIOTHECA LANA

But if the man of *Nature* speak,
Advance their Bayonets of *Greek*,
And keep plain sense at such a distance,
She cannot give a friend assistance.
Not these alone in judgment rise,
And shoot at genius as it flies,
But those who cannot *spell*, will TALK,
As women scold, who cannot walk.

Your man of habit, who's wound up
To eat and drink, and dine and sup,
But has not either will or pow'r
To break out of his formal hour;
Who lives by rule, and ne'er outgoes it;
Moves like a clock, and hardly knows it;
Who is a kind of breathing being,
Which has but half the pow'r of seeing;
Who stands for ever on the brink,
Yet dare not plunge enough to think;
Nor has one reason to supply
Wherefore he does a thing, or why;
But what he does proceeds so right,
You'd think him always guided by't;
Joins poetry and vice together,
Like sun and rain in April weather,

Holds rake and wit as things the same,
And all the difference but a Name.

A Rake! alas! how many wear
The brow of mirth with heart of care!
The desperate wretch reflection flies,
And shuns the way where madness lies,
Dreads each increasing pang of grief,
And runs to FOLLY for relief.
There, 'midst the momentary joys
Of giddy mirth and frantic noise,
FORGETFULNESS, her eldest born,
Smooths the World's hate, and blockhead's scorn,
Then PLEASURE wins upon the mind,
Ye CARES, go whistle to the wind;
Then welcome frolic, welcome whim!
The world is all alike to *him*.

Distress is all in apprehension;
It ceases when 'tis past prevention:
And happiness then presses near,
When not a hope's left, nor a fear.
— But you've enough, nor want my preaching,
And I was never form'd for teaching.

Male prudes we know, (those driv'ling things)
Will have their gibes, and taunts, and flings.
How will the sober Cit abuse,
The sallies of the Culprit muse;
To hell and Poet shut the door—
And whip the beggar with his whore?

POET!—a FOOL! a WRETCH! a KNAVE!
A mere mechanic dirty slave!
What is his verse, but cooping sense
Within an arbitrary fence?
At best, but ringing that in rhyme,
Which prose would say in half the time?
Measure and numbers! what are those
But artificial chains for prose?
Which mechanism quaintly joins
In parallels of see-saw lines.
And when the frisky wanton writes
In PINDAR'S (what d'ye call e'm)—flights,
Th' uneven measure, short and tall,
Now rhyming *twice*, now *not at all*,
In *curves* and *angles* twirls about,
Like *Chinese railing*, in and out.

Thus when you've labour'd hours on hours,
Cull'd all the *sweets*, cull'd all the *flow'rs*,

The churl, whose dull imagination
Is dead to every fine sensation,
Too gross to relish nature's bloom,
Or taste her *simple* rich perfume,
Shall cast them by as useless stuff,
And fly with keenness to his—snuff.

Look round the world, not one in ten
Thinks Poets good, or honest men.

'Tis true their conduct, not o'er nice,
Sits often loose to easy vice.
Perhaps *their Temperance* will not pass
The due rotation of the glass;
And gravity denies 'em pow'r
T' unpeg their hats at such an hour.

Some vices must to all appear
As constitutional as FEAR;
And every Moralist will find
A ruling passion in the mind:
Which, tho' pent up and barricado'd
Like winds, where Æolus bravado'd;
Like them, will sally from their den,
And raise a tempest now and then;

Unhinge dame PRUDENCE from her plan,
And ruffle all the world of man.

Can authors then exemption draw
From nature's, or the common law?
They err alike with all mankind,
Yet not the same indulgence find.
Their lives are more conspicuous grown,
More talk'd of, pointed at, and shewn,
Till every *error* seems to rise
To SINS of most *gigantic* size.

Thus fares it still, however hard,
With every wit, and ev'ry bard.
His *public* writings, *private* life,
Nay more, his mistress, or his wife,
And ev'ry social, dear connection,
Must bear a critical dissection;
While *friends* connive, and rivals hate,
Scoundrels traduce, and blockheads bait.
Perhaps you'll readily admit
There's danger from the *trading* wit,
And dunce and fool, and such as those,
Must be of course the poet's foes:
But sure no sober man alive,
Can think that *friends* would e'er *connive*.

From just remarks on earliest time,
In the first infancy of rhyme,
It may be fairly understood
There were two sects—the Bad, the Good.
Both fell together by the ears,
And both beat up for volunteers.
By interest, or by birth allied,
Numbers flock'd in on either side.
WIT to his weapons ran at once,
While all the cry was "down with DUNCE!"
Onward he led his social bands,
The common cause had join'd their hands.
Yet even while their zeal they show,
And war against the gen'ral foe,
Howe'er their rage flam'd fierce and cruel,
They'd stop it all to fight a duel.
And each cool wit would meet his brother,
To pink and tilt at one another.

Jealous of every puff of fame,
The idle whist'ling of a name,
The property of half a line,
Whether a comma's yours or mine,
Shall make a Bard a Bard engage,
And shake the friendship of an age.

But diffident and modest wit
Is always ready to submit;
Fearful of press and publication,
Consults a brother's observation,
Talks of the maggot of his brains,
As hardly worth the critic pains;
" If ought disgusts the sense or ear,
" You cannot, sir, be too *severe*.
" Expunge, correct, do what you will,
" I leave it to superior skill;
" Exert the office of a friend,
" You may oblige, but can't offend."

This Bard too has his private clan,
Where *He's* the great, the only man.
Here, while the bottle and the bowl
Promote the joyous flow of soul,
(And sense of mind, no doubt, grows stronger
When failing legs can stand no longer)
Emphatic judgment takes the chair,
And damns about her with an air.
Then each, self-puff'd, and hero grown,
Able to cope with hosts alone,
Drawcansir like, his murders blends,
First slays his foes, and then his *friends*.

While your good word, or conversation,
Can lend a brother reputation;
While verse or preface quaintly penn'd,
Can raise the consequence of friend,
How visible the kind affection!
How close the partial fond connection!
Then *He* is quick, and *I'm* discerning,
And *I* have wit, and *He* has learning,
My judgment's strong, and *His* is chaste,
And BOTH—ay BOTH, are men of taste.

Should you not steal nor borrow aid,
And set up for yourself in trade,
Resolv'd imprudently to show
That 'tis not always Wit and *Co.*
Feelings, before unknown, arise,
And Genius looks with jealous eyes.
Tho' thousands may arrive at fame,
Yet never take one path the same.
An Author's vanity or pride
Can't bear a neighbour by his side,
Altho' he but delighted goes
Along the track which nature shows,
Nor ever madly runs astray,
To cross his brother in his way.

And some there are, whose narrow minds,
Center'd in self, self always blinds,
Who, at a friend's re-echoed praise,
Which their own voice conspir'd to raise,
Shall be more deep and inly hurt,
Than from a foe's insulting dirt.

And some, too timid to reveal
That glow of heart, and forward zeal,
Which words are scanty to express,
But friends must feel from friends' success,
When full of hopes and fears, the Muse,
Which every breath of praise pursues,
Wou'd open to their free embrace,
Meet her with such a blasting face,
That all the brave imagination,
Which seeks the sun of approbation,
No more it's early blossoms tries,
But curls it's tender leaves, and dies.

Is there a man, whose genius strong,
Rolls like a rapid stream along,
Whose Muse, long hid in chearless night,
Pours on us like a flood of light,
Whose acting comprehensive mind
Walks Fancy's regions, unconfin'd;

Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
Nor affectation, warps aside;
Who drags no author from his shelf,
To talk on with an eye to self;
Careless alike, in conversation,
Of censure, or of approbation;
Who freely thinks, and freely speaks,
And meet the Wit he never seeks;
Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool;
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe;
Who bold and open, firm and true,
Flatters no friends—yet loves them too:
CHURCHILL will be the last to know
His is the portrait I would show.

EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ.

1757.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obstruct perfection,
And the severity of Taste
Has laid the walk of genius waste.
Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
Our authors creep instead of soaring,
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.

But still you cry in sober sadness,
"There is discretion e'en in madness."
A pithy sentence, which wants credit!
Because I find a poet said it:
Their verdict makes but small impression,
Who are known lyars by profession.
Rise what exalted flights it will,
True genius will be genius still;
And say, that horse wou'd you prefer,
Which wants a bridle or a spur?

The mettled steed may lose his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.

Had Shakespeare crept by modern rules,
We'd lost his Witches, Fairies, Fools:
Instead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,
A garden trim, and all inclos'd,
In nicest symmetry dispos'd,
The hedges cut in proper order,
Nor e'en a branch beyond the border:
Now like a forest he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years;
Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
It's airy summit in the clouds,
While round it's root still love to twine
The ivy or wild eglantine.

"But Shakespeare's all creative fancy
"Made others love extravagancy;
"While cloud-capt nonsense was their aim,
"Like Hurlothrumbo's mad lord Flame."
True—who can stop dull imitators?
Those younger brothers of translators;
Those insects, which from genius rise,
And buzz about, in swarms, like flies?

Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,
Sheds too her influence o'er the press:
As formerly the sons of rhyme
Sought Shakespeare's fancy and sublime;
By cool correctness now they hope
To emulate the praise of Pope.
But Pope and Shakespeare both disclaim
These low retainers to their fame.

What task can dulness e'er affect
So easy, as to write *correct?*
Poets, 'tis said, are sure to split
By too much or too little wit;
So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
They miss their mark and follow neither;
They so exactly poise the scale
That neither measure will prevail,
And mediocrity the Muse
Did never in her sons excuse.
'Tis true their tawdry works are grac'd
With all the charms of modern taste,
And every senseless line is drest
In quaint expression's tinsel vest.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A Monsieur-barber in the street,

Whose ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,
His olive-tann'd complexion graces
With little dabs of Dresden laces,
While for the body Monsieur Puff,
Wou'd think e'en dowlas fine enough?
So fares it with our men of rhymes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes.
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry cloaths,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
But fairly strip them to the shirt,
They're all made up of rags and dirt.

And shall these wretches bards commence,
Without or spirit, taste, or sense?
And when they bring no other treasure,
Shall I admire them for their measure?
Or do I scorn the critic's rules
Because I will not learn of fools?
Although Longinus' full-mouth'd prose
With all the force of genius glows;
Though Dionysius' learned taste
Is ever manly, just, and chaste,
Who, like a skilful wise physician,
Dissects each part of composition,

And shews how beauty strikes the soul
From a just compact of the whole;
Though judgment, in Quintillian's page,
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet *Hypercritics* I disdain,
A race of blockheads dull and vain,
And laugh at all those empty fools,
Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow science mocks
Damn with the name of Het'rodox.

These butchers of a poet's fame,
While they usurp the critic's name,
Cry—"This is taste—that's my opinion."
And poets dread their mock dominion.

So have you seen with dire affright,
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow chair,
Command the prisoners to appear,
Harangue an hour on watchmen's praise,
And on the dire effect of frays;
They cry, "You'll suffer for your daring,
"And d—n you, you shall pay for swearing."
Then turning, tell th' astonish'd ring,
"*I sit to represent the* KING."

THE MILKMAID.

WHOE'ER for pleasure plans a scheme,
Will find it vanish like a dream,
Affording nothing sound or real,
Where happiness is all ideal;
In grief, in joy, or either state,
Fancy will always antedate,
And when the thoughts on evil pore,
Anticipation makes it more.
Thus while the mind the *future* sees,
It cancels all it's *present* ease.

Is Pleasure's scheme the point in view;
How eagerly we all pursue!

Well—Tuesday is th' appointed day;
How slowly wears the time away!

How dull the interval between,
How darken'd o'er with clouds of spleen,
Did not the mind unlock her treasure,
And fancy feed on promis'd pleasure.

DELIA surveys, with curious eyes,
The clouds collected in the skies;
Wishes no storm may rend the air,
And Tuesday may be dry and fair;
And I look round, my boys, and pray,
That Tuesday may be holiday.
Things duly settled—what remains?
Lo! Tuesday comes—alas! it rains;
And all our visionary schemes
Have died away, like golden dreams.

Once on a time, a rustic dame,
(No matter for the lady's name)
Wrapt up in deep imagination,
Indulg'd her pleasing contemplation;
While on a bench she took her seat,
And plac'd the milk-pail at her feet,
Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence,
The profits which arose from thence;
While fond ideas fill'd her brain,
Of layings up, and *monstrous* gain,
Till every penny which she told,
Creative fancy turn'd to gold;
And reasoning thus from computation,
She spoke aloud her meditation.

" Please Heav'n but to preserve my health,
" No doubt I shall have store of wealth;
" It must of consequence ensue
" I shall have store of lovers too.
" Oh! how I'll break their stubborn hearts,
" With all the pride of female arts.
" What Suitors then will kneel before me!
" *Lords*, *Earls*, and *Viscounts*, shall adore me.
" When in my gilded coach I ride,
" *My Lady* at his *Lordship's* side,
" How will I laugh at all I meet
" Clatt'ring in pattens down the street!
" And LOBBIN then I'll mind no more,
" Howe'er I lov'd him heretofore;
" Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
" I will not hear the simple youth,
" But rise indignant from my seat,
" And spurn the lubber from my feet."

Action, alas! the speaker's grace,
Ne'er came in more improper place,
For in the tossing forth her shoe,
What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew!
While down at once, with hideous fall,
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.

Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
To bring the gay materials home;
Imagination forms the dream,
And accident destroys the scheme.

THE

CANDLE AND SNUFFERS.

A FABLE.

'No author ever spar'd a brother:
' Wits are game cocks to one another."
But no antipathy so strong,
Which acts so fiercely, lasts so long
As that which rages in the breast
Of *critic*, and of *wit* profest:
When, eager for some bold emprize,
WIT, Titan-like, affects the skies,
When, full of energy divine,
The mighty dupe of all the nine,
Bids his kite soar on paper wing,
The critic comes, and cuts the string;
Hence dire contention often grows
Twixt man of verse, and man of prose;
While prose-man deems the verse-man fool,
And measures wit by line and rule,
And, as he lops off fancy's limb,
Turns executioner of whim;

While genius, which too oft disdains
To bear e'en honourable chains;
(Such as a Sheriff's self might wear,
Or grace the wisdom of a May'r)
Turns rebel to dame REASON'S throne
And holds no judgment like his own.

Yet while they spatter mutual dirt,
In idle threats that cannot hurt;
Methinks they waste a deal of time,
Both fool in prose, and fool in rhyme.
And when the angry bard exclaims,
And calls a thousand paltry names,
He doth his critic mighty wrong,
And hurts the dignity of song.

The prefatory matter past
The tale, or story comes at last.

A candle stuck in flaring state
Within the nozel of French plate,
Tow'ring aloft with smoaky light,
The snuff and flame of wond'rous height,
(For, virgin yet of amputation,
No force had check'd it's inclination)

Sullen address'd with conscious pride,
The dormant snuffers at it's side.
" Mean vulgar tools, whose envious aim
" Strikes at the vitals of my flame,
" Your rude assaults shall hurt no more,
" See how my beams triumphant soar!
" See how I gayly blaze alone
" With strength, with lustre all my own."

" Lustre, good sir!" the snuffers cried,
" Alas! how ignorant is pride!
" Thy light which wavers round the room,
" Shews as the counterfeit of gloom,
" Thy snuff which idly tow'rs so high
" Will waste thy essence by and by,
" Which, as I prize thy lustre dear
" I fain would lop to make thee clear.
" Boast not, old friend, thy random rays,
" Thy wasting strength, and quiv'ring blaze,
" You shine but as a beggar's link,
" To burn away, and die in stink,
" No merit waits unsteady light,
" You must burn *true* as well as *bright*."

Poets like candles are all puffers,
And *critics* are the candle snuffers.

THE

NEW-RIVER HEAD.

A TALE.

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF MR. C. DENNIS.

INSCRIBED TO J. WILKES, ESQ.

Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum. HOR.

A Genius (one of those I mean,
We read of in th' Arabian nights;
Not such as every day are seen
At Bob's or Arthur's, whilom White's;
For howsoe'er you change the name,
The Clubs and Meetings are the same;
Nor those prodigious learned folks,
Your Haberdashers of stale Jokes,
Who dress them up so neat and clean
For Newspaper or Magazine;
But one that could play wond'rous tricks,
Changing the very course of Nature,
Not ASMODEUS on two sticks
Or sage URGANDA could do greater.)

Once on a time incog came down
From his equivocal dominions,
And travell'd o'er a country town
To try folks tempers and opinions.
When to accomplish his intent
(For had the cobler known the king,
Lord! it would quite have spoil'd the thing)
In strange disguise he slily went
And stump'd along the high-way track,
With greasy knapsack at his back;
And now the night was pitchy dark,
Without one star's indulgent spark,
Whether he wanted sleep or not,
Is of no consequence to tell;
A bed and lodging must be got,
For geniuses live always well.

At the best house in all the town,
(It was th' Attorney's you may swear)
He knock'd as he'd have beat it down,
Knock as you would, no entrance there.
But from the window cried the dame,
Go, sirrah go, from whence you came.
Here, Nell, John, Thomas, see who knocks,
Fellow, I'll put you in the stocks.

Be gentle ma'm, the Genius cried;
Have mercy on the wand'ring poor,
Who knows not where his head to hide,
And asks a pittance at your door.
A mug of beer, a crust of bread—
Have pity on the houseless head;
Your husband keeps a lordly table,
I ask but for the offal crumbs,
And for a lodging—barn or stable
Will shroud me till the morning comes.

'Twas all in vain; she rang the bell,
The servants trembl'd at the knell;
Down flew the maids to tell the men,
To drive the vagrant back agen.

He trudg'd away in angry mind,
And thought but cheaply of mankind,
Till thro' a casement's dingy pane,
A rush-light's melancholy ray,
Bade him e'en try his luck again;
Perhaps beneath a house of clay
A wand'ring passenger might find
A better friend to human kind,
And far more hospitable fare,
Tho' not so costly, nice, or rare,

As smokes upon the silver plate
Of the luxurious pamper'd great.

So to this cot of homely thatch,
In the same plight the Genius came:
Down comes the dame, lifts up the latch;
What want you Sir?—God save you, dame.
And so he told the piteous tale,
Which you have heard him tell before;
Your patience and my own would fail
Were I tell it o'er and o'er.
Suffice it, that my goody's care
Brought forth her best, tho' simple fare,
And from the corner-cupboard's hoard,
Her stranger guest the more to please,
Bespread her hospitable board
With what she had—'twas bread and cheese.

'Tis honest tho' but homely cheer;
Much good may't do ye, eat your fill,
Would I cou'd treat you with strong beer,
But for the action take the will,
You see my cot is clean, tho' small,
Pray Heav'n encrease my slender stock!
You're welcome, friend, you see my all;
And for your bed, Sir, there's a flock.

No matter what was after said,
He eat and drank and went to bed.

And now the cock his mattins sung,
(Howe'er such singing's light esteem'd,
'Tis precious in the Muses' tongue
When sung rhymes better than he scream'd)
The dame and pedlar both arose,
At early dawn of rising day,
She for her work of folding cloaths,
And He to travel on his way;
But much he thought himself to blame,
If, as in duty surely bound,
He did not thank the careful dame
For the reception he had found.
Hostess, quoth He, before I go,
I thank you for your hearty Fare;
Would it were in my pow'r to pay
My gratitude a better way;
But money now runs very low,
And I have not a doit to spare;
But if you'll take this piece of Stuff—
—No, quoth the dame, I'm poor as you,
Your kindest wishes are enough,
You're welcome, friend, farewell—Adieu.

But first reply'd the wand'ring guest,
For bed and board and homely dish,
May all things turn out for the best,
So take my blessing and my wish.
May what you first begin to do,
Create such profit and delight,
That you may do it all day through,
Nor finish till the depth of night.

Thank you, she said, and shut the door,
Turn'd to her work, and thought no more.
And now the napkin which was spread
To treat her guest with good brown bread,
She folded up with nicest care;
When lo! another napkin there!
And every folding did beget
Another and another yet.
She folds a shift—by strange encrease,
The remnant swells into a piece.
Her Caps, her Laces, all the same,
Till such a quantity of Linen,
From such a very small beginning,
Flow'd in at once upon the dame,
Who wonder'd how the deuce it came,
That with the drap'ry she had got
Within her little shabby cot,

She might for all the town provide,
And break both York-street and Cheapside.

It happen'd that th' Attorney's wife,
Who, to be sure, took much upon her,
As being one in higher Life,
Who did the Parish mighty honour,
Sent for the dame, who, poor and willing,
Would take a job of charing work,
And sweat and toil like any Turk,
To earn a sixpence or a shilling.

She could not come, not she indeed!
She thank'd her much, but had no need.

Good news will fly as well as bad,
So out this wond'rous story came,
About the Pedlar and the Dame,
Which made th' Attorney's wife so mad,
That she resolv'd at any rate,
Spite of her pride and Lady airs,
To get the Pedlar tête-à-tête,
And make up all the past affairs,
And tho' she wish'd him at the devil,
When he came there the night before,
Determin'd to be monstrous civil,
And drop her curtsie at the door.

Now all was racket, noise and pother,
Nell running one way, John another,
And Tom was on the coach-horse sent,
To learn which way the Pedlar went.
Thomas return'd;—the Pedlar brought.
—What could my dainty Madam say,
For not behaving as she ought,
And driving honest folks away?

Upon my word, it shocks me much,
—But there's such thieving here of late—
Not that I dream'd that you were such,
When you came knocking at my gate.
I must confess myself to blame,
And I'm afraid you lately met
Sad treatment with that homely dame,
Who lives on what her hands can get.
Walk in with me at least to-night,
And let us set all matters right.
I know my duty, and indeed
Would help a friend in time of need.
Take such refreshment as you find,
I'm sure I mean it for the best,
And give it with a willing mind
To such a grave and sober guest.

So in they came, and for his picking,
Behold the table covers spread,
Instead of Goody's cheese and bread,
With tarts, and fish, and flesh, and chicken.
And to appear in greater state,
The knives and forks with silver handles,
The candlesticks of bright (French) plate
To hold her best mould (tallow) candles,
Were all brought forth to be display'd,
In female housewifry parade.
And more the Pedlar to regale,
And make the wond'rous man her friend,
Decanters foam'd of mantling ale,
And port and claret without end;
They hobb'd and nobb'd, and smil'd and laugh'd,
Touch'd glasses, nam'd their toasts, and quaff'd;
Talk'd over every friend and foe,
Till eating, drinking, talking past,
The kind house-clock struck twelve at last.
When wishing Madam *bon repos*,
The Pedlar pleaded weary head,
Made his low bow, and went to bed.

Wishing him then at perfect ease,
A good soft bed, a good sound sleep,
Now, gentle reader, if you please,
We'll at the Lady take a peep.

She could not rest, but turn'd and toss'd,
While Fancy whisper'd in her brain,
That what her indiscretion lost,
Her art and cunning might regain.
Such Linen to so poor a dame!
For such coarse fare! perplex'd her head;
Why might not she expect the same,
So courteous, civil, and well-bred?

And now she reckon'd up her store
Of Cambricks, Hollands, Muslins, Lawns,
Free gifts, and Purchases, and Pawns,
Resolv'd to multiply them more,
Till she had got a Stock of Linen,
Fit for a Dowager to sin in.

The morning came, when up she got,
Most ceremoniously inclin'd
To wind up her sagacious plot,
With all that civil stuff we find
'Mongst those who talk a wond'rous deal
Of what they neither mean nor feel.

How shall I, Ma'm, reply'd the Guest,
Make you a suitable return,
For your attention and concern,
And such civilities exprest

To one, who must be still in debt
For all the kindness he has met?
For this your entertainment's sake,
If ought of good my wish can do,
May what you first shall undertake,
Last without ceasing all day through.

Madam, who kindly understood
His wish effectually good,
Strait dropp'd a curtsie wond'rous low,
For much she wanted him to go,
That she might look up all her store,
And turn it into thousands more.
Now all the maids were sent to look
In every cranny, hole, and nook,
For every rag which they could find
Of any size, or any kind.
Draw'rs, Boxes, Closets, Chests, and Cases
Were all unlock'd at once to get
Her Point, her Gauze, her Prussia-net,
With fifty names of fifty kinds,
Which suit variety of minds.

How shall I now my tale pursue,
So passing strange, so passing true?

When every bit from every hoard,
as brought and laid upon the board,
st some more urgent obligation
ight interrupt her pleasing toil,
ıd marring half her application,
ıe promis'd hopes of profit spoil,
:fore she folds a single rag,
r takes a cap from board or bag,
ıat nothing might her work prevent,
'or she was now resolv'd to labour,
ith earnest hope and full intent
› get the better of her neighbour)
to the garden she would go
› do that necessary thing,
hich must by all be done, you know,
/ rich and poor, and high and low,
/ Male and Female, Queen and King.
ıe little dream'd a common action,
actis'd as duly as her pray'rs,
ıould prove so tedious a transaction,
r cost her such a sea of cares.

In short the streams so plenteous flow'd,
ıat in the dry and dusty weather,
ıe might have water'd all the road
›r ten or twenty miles together.

What could she do? as it began,
Th' involuntary torrent ran.
Instead of folding Cap or Mob,
So dreadful was this distillation,
That from a simple watering job,
She fear'd a general Inundation.
While for her Indiscretion's crime,
And coveting too great a store,
She made a River at a time,
Which sure was never done before.

THE

[RIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A TALE.

, very silliest things in life
e the most material strife.
scarce will suffer a debate,
ɔft produce the bitterest hate.
ɣou say; I say *'tis not*
ıy you grow warm—and you are hot.
each alike with passion glows,
ɣords come first, and, after, blows.

ɜnd JERKIN had an income clear,
fifteen pounds, or more, a year,
ɜnted, on the farming plan,
ıds at much greater sums *per ann.*
ı of consequence, no doubt,
ɜst all his neighbours round about;
ıs of frank and open mind,
ɔnest to be much refin'd,
l smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
good song, and drink his ale.

wife was of another mould;
ʒe was neither young nor old;

Her features strong, but somewhat plain;
Her air not bad, but rather vain;
Her temper neither new nor strange,
A woman's, very apt to change;
What she most hated was conviction,
What she most lov'd, flat CONTRADICTION.

A charming housewise ne'ertheless;
— Tell me a thing she could not dress,
Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies,
Nought came amiss—she was so *wise*.
For she, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had seldom seen
A farmer's wife with such a mein;
She could not bear the sound of *Dame*;
— No—*Mistress* JERKIN was her name.

She could harangue with wond'rous grace
On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace;
But tho' she ne'er adorn'd his brows,
She had a vast contempt for spouse,
As being one who *took no pride*,
And was a *deal* too *countrified*.
Such were our couple, man and wife;
Such were their means and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair
For exercise and chearful air,
It happen'd in his morning's roam,
He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.
— Here, CICELY, take away my gun—
How shall we have these starlings done?
Done! what my love? Your wits are wild;
Starlings, my dear; they're thrushes child.
Nay now but look, consider, wife,
They're starlings—No—upon my life:
Sure I can judge as well as you,
I know a thrush and starling too.
Who was it shot them, you or I?
They're starlings—thrushes—zounds you lie;
Pray, Sir, take back your dirty word,
I scorn your language as your bird;
It ought to make a husband blush,
To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush.
Thrush, Cicely!—Yes—a starling—No,
The lie again, and then a blow.
Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
And mar the pow'rs of contradiction.

Peace soon ensued, and all was well:
It were imprudence to rebel,
Or keep the ball up of debate
Against these arguments of weight.

A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
'Twas *as you like*, and *what you please*,
'Till in it's course and order due,
Came March the twentieth, fifty two.
Quoth Cicely, this is charming life,
No tumults now, no blow, no strife.
What fools we were this day last year!
Lord, how you beat me then, my dear!
— Sure it was idle and absurd
To wrangle so about a bird;
A bird not worth a single rush—
A starling—no, my love, a thrush,
That I'll maintain—that I'll deny.
— You're wrong, good husband—wife, you lie.

Again the self-same wrangle rose,
Again the lye, again the blows.
Thus every year (true man and wife)
Ensues the same domestic strife.
Thus every year their quarrel ends,
They argue, fight, and buss, and friends;
Tis starling, thrush, and thrush and starling;
You dog, you b—; my dear, my darling.

THE

TEMPLE OF FAVOUR.

o' pilot in the ship no more,
›ring the cargo safe to shore;
nit, as time and place afford,
ıssenger to come aboard.

he Shepherd who survey'd the deep,
:n all it's tempests were asleep,
amt not of danger; glad was he
ell his flock, and put to sea.
consequence has Æsop told,
lost his venture, sheep, and gold.
ares it with us Sons of Rhyme,
n doggrel wit, to wit sublime;
ink's calm ocean all seems clear,
sands affright, no rocks appear;
lightnings blast, no thunders roar;
surges lash the peaceful shore;
all too vent'rous from the land,
tempests dash us on the strand:

Then the low pirate boards the deck,
And sons of theft enjoy the wreck.

The harlot muse so passing gay,
Bewitches only to betray;
Tho' for a while, with easy air,
She smooths the rugged brow of care,
And laps the mind in flow'ry dreams,
With fancy's transitory gleams.
Fond of the nothings she bestows,
We wake at last to real woes.

Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry place,
Consider well the poet's case;
By turns protected and caress'd,
Defam'd, dependant, and distress'd;
The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
The curse of fools, the butt of knaves;
Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
To lacquey rogues, or flatter friends;
With prodigality to give,
Too careless of the means to live:
The bubble fame intent to gain,
And yet too lazy to maintain;
He quits the world he never priz'd,
Pitied by few, by more despis'd;

And lost to friends, oppress'd by foes,
Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.

O glorious trade, for wit's a trade,
Where men are ruin'd more than made.
Let crazy LEE, neglected GAY,
The shabby OTWAY, DRYDEN grey,
Those tuneful servants of the nine,
(Not that I blend their names with mine)
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world some useful shame.
At first the Poet idly strays
Along the greensward path of praise,
Till on his journies up and down,
To see, and to be seen, in town,
What with ill-natur'd flings and rubs
From flippant bucks, and *hackney* scrubs,
His toils thro' dust, thro' dirt, thro' gravel,
Take off his appetite for travel.

Transient is fame's immediate breath,
Though it blows stronger after death;
Own then, with MARTIAL, after fate
If glory comes, she comes too late.
For who'd his time and labour give
For praise, by which he cannot live?

But in APOLLO's court of fame
(In this all courts are much the same)
By FAVOUR folks must make their way,
FAVOUR, which lasts, perhaps, a day,
And when you've twirl'd yourself about
To wriggle *in*, you're wriggled *out*.
'Tis from the sunshine of her eyes
Each courtly insect lives or dies;
'Tis she dispenses all the graces
Of profits, pensions, honours, places;
And in her light capricious fits
Makes wits of fools, and fools of wits,
Gives vices, folly, dullness birth,
Nay stamps the currency on worth;
'Tis she that lends the muse a spur,
And even *Kissing* goes by Her.

Far in the sea a temple stands
Built by dame ERROR's hasty hands,
Where in her dome of lucid shells
The visionary goddess dwells.
Here o'er her subject sons of earth
Regardless or of place, or worth,
She rules triumphant; and supplies
The gaping world with hopes and lies.

rone, which weak and tott'ring seems,
: upon the wings of dreams;
kle winds her altars bear
quiver to the shifting air;
hath REASON seldom brought
ild of VIRTUE or of THOUGHT,
JSTICE with her equal face,
his, alas! no throne of Grace.

RICE, OPINION, FASHION wait,
rters at the temple's gate,
the fond adorers press
ince fantastic happiness;
FAVOUR with a SYREN'S smile,
might ULYSSES self beguile,
ts the sparkling bright libation,
ctar of intoxication;
ımmoning her ev'ry grace
ining charms, and chearful face,
away Reason from his throne,
akes his votaries her own:
t resounds the voice of fame,
t with the whistlings of their name,
ols grow frantic, in their pride
ning all the world beside:

Pleas'd with the gewgaw toys of pow'r,
The noisy pageant of an hour,
Struts forth the statesman, haughty, vain,
Amidst a supple servile train,
With shrug, grimace, nod, wink, and stare,
So proud, he almost treads in air;
While levee-fools, who sue for place,
Crouch for employment from his Grace,
And e'en good Bishops, taught to trim,
Forsake their GOD to bow to him.

The Poet in that happy hour,
Imagination in his pow'r,
Walks all abroad, and unconfin'd,
Enjoys the liberty of mind:
Dupe to the smoke of flimsy praise,
He vomits forth sonorous lays;
And, in his fine poetic rage,
Planning, poor soul, a deathless page,
Indulges pride's fantastic whim,
And all the WORLD must wake to HIM.

A while from fear, from envy free,
He sleeps on a pacific sea;
Lethargic ERROR for a while
Deceives him with her specious smile,

And flatt'ring dreams delusive shed
Gay gilded visions round his head.

When, swift as thought, the goddess lewd
Shifts the light gale; and tempests rude,
Such as the northern skies deform,
When fell DESTRUCTION guides the storm,
Transport him to some dreary isle
Where FAVOUR never deign'd to smile.
Where waking, helpless, all alone,
'Midst craggy steeps and rocks unknown;
Sad scenes of woe his pride confound,
And DESOLATION stalks around.
Where the dull months no pleasures bring,
And years roll round without a spring;
Where He all hopeless, lost, undone,
Sees chearless days that know no sun;
Where jibing SCORN her throne maintains,
Midst mildews, blights, and blasts, and rains.

Let others, with submissive knee,
Capricious goddess! bow to Thee;
Let them with fixt incessant aim
Court fickle favour, faithless fame;
Let vanity's fastidious slave
Lose the kind moments nature gave,

In invocations to the shrine
Of Phœbus and the fabled Nine,
An author, to his latest days,
From hunger, or from thirst of praise,
Let him thro' every subject roam
To bring the useful morsel home;
Write upon LIBERTY oppress,
On happiness, when most distrest,
Turn bookseller's obsequious tool,
A monkey's cat, a mere fool's fool;
Let him, unhallow'd wretch! profane
The muse's dignity for gain,
Yield to the dunce his sense contemns,
Cringe to the knave his heart condemns,
And, at a blockhead's bidding, force
Reluctant genius from his course;
Write ode, epistle, essay, libel,
Make notes, or steal them, for the bible;
Or let him, more judicial, sit
The dull *Lord Chief*, on culprit wit,
With rancour read, with passion blame,
Talk high, yet fear to put his name,
And from the dark, but useful shade,
(Fit place for murd'rous ambuscade,)
Weak monthly shafts at merit hurl,
The GILDON of some modern CURL.

me, by adverse fortune plac'd
m the colleges of taste,
no poetic name;
none their proper fame;
sometimes an easy vein,
o design, and little pain,
into verse, hath pleas'd awhile,
ught the reader's transient smile,
se hath answer'd all her ends,
g herself, while pleas'd her friends;
nd of Liberty, disdains
r restraint, or clink her chains.

THE LAW STUDENT.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Quid tibi cum Cirrhâ? quid cum Permessidos undâ?
Romanum propius divitiusque Forum est. Mart.

Now Christ Church left, and fixt at Lincoln's Inn,
Th' important studies of the Law begin.
Now groan the shelves beneath th' unusual charge
Of Records, Statutes, and Reports at large.
Each Classic Author seeks his peaceful nook,
And modest Virgil yields his place to Coke.
No more, ye Bards, for vain precedence hope,
But even Jacob take the lead of Pope!

While the pil'd shelves sink down on one another,
And each huge folio has it's cumb'rous brother;
While, arm'd with these, the Student views with awe
His rooms become the magazine of Law;
Say whence so few succeed? where thousands aim,
So few e'er reach the promis'd goal of fame;

Say, why Cæcilius quits a gainful trade
For regimentals, sword, and smart cockade?
Or Sextus why his first profession leaves
For narrower band, plain shirt, and pudding sleeves?

The depth of Law asks study, thought, and care?
Shall we seek these in rich Alonzo's heir?
Such diligence, alas! is seldom found
In the brisk heir to forty thousand pound.
Wealth, that excuses folly, sloth creates,
Few, who can spend, e'er learn to get estates.
What is to him dry case, or dull report,
Who studies fashions at the Inns of Court;
And proves that thing of emptiness and show,
That mungrel, half-form'd thing, a Temple-Beau?
Observe him daily saunt'ring up and down,
In purple slippers, and in silken gown;
Last night's debauch, his morning conversation;
The coming, all his evening preparation.

By Law let others toil to gain renown!
Florio's a gentleman, a man o'th' town.
He nor courts, clients, or the law regarding,
Hurries from Nando's down to Covent-Garden:
Yet he's a Scholar;—mark him in the Pit
With critic catcall sound the stops of wit!

Supreme at George's he harangues the throng,
Censor of stile from tragedy to song:
Him ev'ry witling views with secret awe,
Deep in the Drama, shallow in the Law.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,
Contemn the science they can ne'er attain:
Who write, and read, but all by fits and starts,
And varnish folly with the name of parts;
Trust all to Genius, for they scorn to pore,
Till e'en that little Genius is no more.

Knowledge in Law care only can attain,
Where honour's purchas'd at the price of pain.
If, loit'ring, up th' ascent you cease to climb,
No starts of labour can redeem the time.
Industrious study wins by slow degrees,
True sons of COKE can ne'er be sons of ease.

There are, whom Love of Poetry has smit,
Who, blind to interest, arrant dupes to wit,
Have wander'd devious in the pleasing road,
With Attic flowers and Classic wreaths bestrew'd
Wedded to verse, embrac'd the Muse for life,
And ta'en, like modern bucks, their whores to wif

Where'er the Muse usurps despotic sway,
All other studies must of force give way.
Int'rest in vain puts in her prudent claim,
Nonsuited by the pow'rful plea of fame.
As well you might weigh lead against a feather,
As ever jumble wit and law together.
On Littleton Coke gravely thus remarks,
(Remember this, ye rhyming Temple sparks!)
" In all our author's tenures, be it noted,
" This is the fourth time any verse is quoted."
Which, 'gainst the Muse and verse, may well imply
What lawyers call a *noli prosequi.*

Quit then, dear George, O quit the barren field,
Which neither profit nor reward can yield!
What tho' the sprightly scene, well acted, draws
From unpack'd Englishmen unbrib'd applause,
Some Monthly Grub, some Dennis of the age,
In print cries shame on the degen'rate stage.
If haply Churchill strive with generous aim,
To fan the sparks of genius to a flame;
If all UNASK'D, UNKNOWING, and UNKNOWN,
By noting thy desert, he prove his own;
Envy shall strait to Hamilton's repair,
And vent her spleen, and gall, and venom there,

Thee, and thy works, and all thy friends decry,
And boldly print and publish a rank lie,
Swear your own hand the flatt'ring likeness drew,
Swear your own breath fame's partial trumpet blew.

Well I remember oft your friends have said,
(Friends, whom the surest maxims ever led)
Turn parson, Colman, that's the way to thrive:
Your parsons are the happiest men alive.
Judges, there are but twelve, and never more,
But Stalls untold, and Bishops twenty-four.
Of pride and claret, sloth and ven'son full,
Yon prelate mark, right reverend and dull!
He ne'er, good man, need pensive vigils keep
To preach his audience once a week to sleep;
On rich preferments battens at his ease,
Nor sweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.

Thus they advis'd. I know thee better far;
And cry, stick close, dear Colman, to the Bar!
If genius warm thee, where can genius call
For nobler action than in yonder Hall?
'Tis not enough each morn, on Term's approach,
To club your legal threepence for a coach;
Then at the Hall to take your silent stand,
With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,

Marking grave serjeants cite each wise report,
And noting down sage dictums from the Court,
With overwhelming brow, and law-learn'd face,
The index of your book of common-place.

These are mere drudges, that can only plod,
And tread the path their dull forefathers trod,
Dom'd thro' law's maze, without a clue, to range,
From *second Vernon* down to *second Strange*.
Do Thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits!
Dulness no longer on the woolpack sits;
No longer on the drawling dronish herd,
Are the first honours of the Law confer'd;
But they whose fame reward's due tribute draws,
Whose active merit challenges applause,
Like glorious beacons, are set high to view,
To mark the paths which genius shou'd pursue.

O for thy spirit, MANSFIELD! at thy name
What bosom glows not with an active flame?
Alone from Jargon born to rescue Law,
From precedent, grave hum, and formal saw!
To strip chican'ry of it's vain pretence,
And marry Common Law to Common Sense!
PRATT! on thy lips persuasion ever hung!
English falls, pure as Manna, from thy tongue:
On thy voice truth may rest, and on thy plea
Unerring HENLEY found the just decree.

HENLEY! than whom, to HARDWICK's well-
rais'd fame,
No worthier second Royal GEORGE cou'd name—
No lawyer of prerogative; no tool
Fashion'd in black corruption's pliant school;
Form'd 'twixt the People and the Crown to stan—
And hold the scales of right with even hand!
True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,
See, see in YORKE the force of lineal worth!
But why their sev'ral merits need I tell?
Why on each honour'd sage's praises dwell?
WILMOT how well his place, or FOSTER fills?
Or shrew'd sense beaming from the eye of WILLS?

Such, while thou see'st the public care engage,
Their fame increasing with increasing age,
Rais'd by true genius, bred in Phœbus' school,
Whose warmth of soul sound judgment knew to cool;
— With such illustrious proofs before your eyes,
Think not, my friend, you've too much wit to rise:
Think of the bench, the coif, long robe, and fee,
And leave the Press to *Churchill and to me.**

* In the life-time of the Author the last four words were modestly omitted and a hiatus substituted.

CHARITY.

A FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY.

WORTH is excis'd, and Virtue pays
A heavy Tax for barren praise.
A friend to universal Man,
Is universal good your plan?
GOD may perhaps your project bless,
But man shall strive to thwart success.
Tho' the grand scheme thy thoughts pursue,
Bespeak a noble generous view,
Where CHARITY o'er all presides,
And SENSE approves what VIRTUE guides,
Yet wars and tumults will commence,
For Rogues hate virtue, Blockheads sense.
Believe me, Opposition grows
Not always from our real foes,
But (where it seldom ever ends)
From our more dangerous seeming friends.
I hate not foes, for they declare,
'Tis War for War, and dare who dare;

But your sly, sneaking, worming souls,
Whom FRIENDSHIP scorns, and FEAR controuls,
Who praise, support, and help by halves,
Like Heifers, neither Bulls nor Calves;
Who, in Hypocrisy's disguise,
Are truly *as the Serpent wise*,
But cannot ALL the precept love,
And *be as harmless as the Dove*.
Who hold each charitable meeting,
To mean no more than good sound eating,
While each becomes a hearty fellow
According as he waxes mellow,
And kindly helps the main design,
By drinking it's success in wine;
And when his feet and senses reel,
Totters with correspondent zeal;
Nay, would appear a patron wise,
But that his wisdom's in disguise,
And would harangue, but that his mouth,
Which ever hates the sin of drowth,
Catching the full perpetual glass,
Cannot afford a word to pass.
Such, who like true Churchwardens eat,
Because the Parish pays the treat,
And of their bellyful secure,
O'ersee or *over-look* the poor,

Who would no doubt be wond'rous just,
And faithful Guardians of their trust,
But think the deed might run more clever
To them and to their Heirs for ever,
That Charity, too apt to roam,
Might end, where she begins, at home;
Who make all public good a trade,
Benevolence a mere parade,
And Charity a cloak for sin,
To keep it snug and warm within;
Who flatter, only to betray,
Who promise much and never pay,
Who wind themselves about your heart
With hypocritic, knavish art,
Tell you what wond'rous things they're doing,
And undermine you to your ruin;
Such, or of low or high estate,
To speak the honest truth, I hate:
I view their tricks with indignation,
And loath each fulsome protestation,
As I would loath a whore's embrace,
Who smiles, and smirks, and stroaks my face,
And all so tender, fond and kind,
As free of body, as of mind,
Affects the softnest of the Dove,
And ruins me to shew her Love.

The Maiden wither'd, wrinkled pale,
Whose charms, tho' strong, are rather stale,
Will use that weapon call'd a tongue,
To wound the beauteous and the young.
— What, DELIA handsome!—well!—I own
I'm either blind or stupid grown.
— The girl is well enough to pass,
A rosy, simple, rustic lass;
— But there's no meaning in her face,
And then her air, so void of grace!
And all the world, with half an eye,
May see her shape grows quite awry.
— I speak not from an ill design,
For she's a favourite of mine,
— Tho' I could wish that she would wear
A more reserved becoming air;
Not that I hear of indiscretions,
Such folks, you know, make no confessions,
Tho' the WORLD says, that Parson there,
That smock-fac'd Man, with darkish hair,
He who wrote verses on her bird,
The simplest things I ever heard,
Makes frequent visits there of late,
And is become exceeding great;
This I myself aver is true,
I saw him lead her to his pew.

Thus scandal, like a false quotation,
Misrepresents in defamation;
And where she haply cannot spy
A loop whereon to hang a lie,
Turns every action wrong side out
To bring her paltry tale about.
Thus Excellence of every kind,
Whether of body or of mind,
Is but a mark set up on high,
For knaves to guide their arrows by;
A mere Scotch Post for public itch,
Where Hog, or Man, may scrub his breech.
But thanks to Nature, which ordains
A just reward for all our pains,
And makes us stem, with secret pride,
Hoarse DISAPPOINTMENT'S rugged tide,
And like a lordly ship, which braves
The roar of winds, and rush of waves,
Weather all storms, with jealous Hate
Or frantic Malice may create.
'Tis CONSCIENCE, a reward alone,
CONSCIENCE, who plac'd on Virtue's throne,
Eyes raging men, or raging seas,
Undaunted, firm, with heart at ease,
From her dark Cave, tho' ENVY rise
With hollow cheeks, and jaundic'd eyes,

Tho' HATRED league with FOLLY vain,
And SPLEEN and RANCOUR join the train;
Shall VIRTUE shrink, abash'd, afraid,
And tremble at an idle shade?
Fear works upon the Fool, or Knave,
An honest man is always brave.
While OPPOSITION'S fruitless aim
Is as the bellows to the flame,
And, like a Pagan persecution,
Enforces FAITH and RESOLUTION.
Tho' Prejudice in narrow minds,
The mental eye of reason blinds;
Tho' WIT, which not e'en friends will spare,
Affect the sneering, laughing air;
Tho' DULLNESS, in her monkish gown,
Display the WISDOM of a frown;
Yet TRUTH will force herself, in spite
Of all their efforts, into light.
See Bigot Monks in Spain prevail,
See GALILÆO dragg'd to gaol:
Hear the grave Doctors of the schools,
The *Golgotha* of learned Fools,
As *damnable* and *impious* brand
That art they cannot understand,
And out of zeal pervert the Bible,
As if it were a standing Libel,

Oh every good and useful plan
That rises in the brain of man.
O BIGOTRY! whose frantic rage
Has blotted half the classic page,
And in Religion's drunken fit,
Murder'd the Greek and Roman wit;
Who zealous for that Faith's encrease,
Whose *ways are righteousness and peace*,
With rods and whips, and sword, and axe,
With prisons, tortures, flames, and racks;
With persecution's fiery goad,
Enforcing some new-fangl'd mode,
Would'st pluck down REASON from her throne
To raise some phantom of thy own;
Alas! thy fury undiscerning,
Which blasts, and stunts, and hews up Learning,
Like an ill-judging zealous friend,
Blasphemes that Wisdom you defend.
Go, kick the prostituted whores,
The *nine* stale *virgins* out of doors;
For let the Abbess beat her drum,
Eleven thousand troops shall come;
All female forms, and virgins true,
As ever Saint or Poet knew.
And glorious be the honour'd name
Of WINIFREDE, of SAINTED fame,

Who to the Church like light'ning sped,
And ran three miles without her head;
(Well might the modest Lady run,
Since 'twas to keep her maiden one)
And when before the congregation
The Prince fell dead for reparation,
Secure of Life as well as Honour,
Ran back with both her heads upon her.
No matter of what shape or size,
Gulp down the Legendary Lies,
Believe, what neither God ordains,
Nor Christ allows, nor sense maintains;
Made Saint of Pope, or Saint of Thief,
Believe almost in unbelief;
Yet with thy solemn priestly air,
By book and bell, and candle swear,
That God has made his own elect
But from your stem and favorite sect;
That He who made the world, has blest
One part alone, to damn the rest;
As if th' Allmerciful and Just,
Who form'd us of one common dust,
Had rendered up his own decree,
And lent his attributes to thee.
Thus his own eyes the Bigot blinds,
To shut our light from human minds,

And the clear truth (an emanation
From the great Author of creation,
A beam transmitted from on high,
To bring us nearer to the sky,
While ev'ry path by science trod,
Leads us with wonder up to God)
Is doom'd by Ignorance to make
Atonement at the Martyr's stake;
Tho', like pure gold, th' illustrious dame,
Comes forth the brighter from the flame.
No persecution will avail,
No inquisition racks, nor gaol;
When Learning's more enlight'ned ray
Shall drive these sickly fogs away;
A thankful age shall pay her more,
Than all her troubles hurt before.
See Shame and Scorn await on those
Who poorly dar'd to be her foes,
But will the grateful voice of fame
Sink Truth, and GALILÆO'S name?
How wilful, obstinate, and blind,
Are the main herd of human kind!
Well said the WIT, who well had tried
That malice which his parts defied;
When Merit's sun begins to break,
The Dunces stretch, and strive to wake,

And amity of Dunce with Dunce,
Fingers out Genius all at once.
As you may find the honey out,
By seeing all the flies about.
All ugly Women hate a toast;
The goodliest fruit is pick'd the most;
The ivy winds about the oak,
And to the fairest comes the smoke.
Escap'd the dangers of the deep,
When GULLIVER fell fast asleep,
Stretch'd on the Lilliputian strand,
A Giant in a pigmy Land;
Watchful against impending harms,
All Lilliput cried out, To arms;
The trumpets echoed all around,
The Captain slept exceeding sound,
Tho' crowds of undistinguish'd size
Assail'd his body, legs and thighs,
While clouds of arrows flew apace,
And fell like feathers on his face.

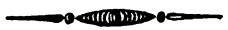
THE COBLER

OF

TISSINGTON'S LETTER

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

1761.



[Y predecessors often use,
cobble verse as well as shoes;
PARTRIDGE (*vide* SWIFT'S disputes)
ıo turned BOOTES into *boots*,
ı!—PARTRIDGE!—I'll be bold to say
ıs a rare scholar in his day;
'd tell you when t'wou'd rain, and when
e weather would be fine agen;
ɔcisely when your bones *should* ache,
d when grow sound, by th' almanack.
r he knew ev'ry thing, d'ye see,
what d'ye call't, astrology,
d skill'd in all the starry system,
ɔetold events, and often mist'em.
d then it griev'd me sore to look
ıt at the *heel-piece* of his book,
ıere stood a man, Lord bless my heart!
o doubt by *matthew maticks* art,)

Naked, expos'd to public view,
And darts stuck in him through and throug
I warrant him some hardy fool,
Who scorn'd to follow wisdom's rule,
And dar'd blasphemously despise
Our doctor's knowledge in the skies.
Full dearly he abides his laugh,
I'm sure 'tis SWIFT, or BICKERSTAFF.
Excuse this bit of a digression,
A cobler's is a learn'd profession.
Why may not I too couple rhymes?
My wit will not disgrace the times;
I too, forsooth, among the rest,
Claim one advantage, and the best,
I scarce know writing, have no reading,
Nor any kind of scholar *breeding*;
And *wanting* that's the sole foundation
Of half your poets' reputation.
While genius, perfect in it's birth,
Springs up, like mushrooms from the earth
You know they send me to and fro
To carry messages or so;
And tho' I'm somewhat old and crazy,
I'm still of service to the lazy.
For our good 'squire has no great notion
Of much alacrity in motion,

And when there's miles betwixt, you know
Would rather *send* by half, than *go;*
Then I'm dispatch'd to travel hard,
And bear myself by way of card.
I'm a two-legg'd excuse to shew
Why other people cannot go;
And merit sure I must assume,
For once I went in GARRICK'S room.
In my old age, 'twere wond'rous hard
To come to town, as trav'lling card,
Then let the post convey me there,
The clerk's direction tell him where,
For, tho' I ramble at this rate
He writes it all, and I *dictate;*
For I'm resolv'd—by help of neighbour,
(Who keeps a school, and goes to *labour*)
To tell you all things as they past;
Coblers will go beyond their last,
And so I'm told will authors too,
—But that's a point I leave to you;
Cobbling extends a thousand ways,
Some cobble shoes, some cobble plays;
Some—but this jingle's vastly clever,
It makes a body write for ever.
While with the motion of the pen,
METHOD pops in and out agen,

So, as I said, I thought it better,
To set me down and *think* a letter,
And without any more ado,
Seal up my mind, and send it you.
You'll ask me, master, why I chuse
To plague your worship with my muse?
I'll tell you then—will truth offend?
Tho' cobler, yet I love my friend.
Besides, I like you merry folks,
Who make their puns, and crack their jokes;
Your jovial hearts are never wrong,
I love a story, or a song;
But always feel most grievous qualms,
From WESTLEY'S hymns, or WISDOM'S psa
My father often told me, one day
Was for religion—that was Sunday,
When I should go to prayers twice,
And hear our parson battle vice;
And dress'd in all my finest cloaths,
Twang the *psalmody* thro' my nose.
But betwixt churches, for relief,
Eat bak'd plumb-pudding, and roast beef;
And chearful, without sin, regale
With good home-brew'd, and nappy ale,
But not one word of *fasting* greetings,
And *dry* religious singing meetings.

But here comes folks a-preaching to us
A *saving* doctrine to *undo* us,
Whose notions fanciful and scurvy,
Turn old religion topsy-turvy.
I'll give my pleasure up for no man,
And an't I right now, master SHOW-MAN?
You seem to me a person civil,
Our parson gives you to the devil;
And says, as how, that after grace,
You laugh'd directly in his face;
Ay, laugh'd out-right (as I'm a sinner)
I should have lik'd t' have been at dinner,
Not for the sake of master's fare,
But to have seen the doctor stare.
Odzooks, I think, he's perfect mad,
Scar'd out of all the wits he had,
For wheresoe'er the doctor comes,
He pulls his wig, and bites his thumbs,
And mutters, in a broken rage,
The MINOR, GARRICK, FOOTE, the STAGE;
(For I must blab it out—but hist,
His reverence is a *methodist*)
And preaches like an errant fury,
'Gainst all your *show* folks about DRURY,
Says actors all are hellish imps,
And managers the devil's pimps.

He knows not what he sets about;
Puts on his surplice inside out,
Mistakes the lessons in the church,
Or leaves a collect in the lurch;
And t'other day—God help his head,
The gard'ner's wife being brought to bed,
When sent for to baptize the child
His wig awry, and staring wild,
He laid the prayer-book flat before him,
And read the burial service o'er him.
—The folks must wait without their shoes,
For I must tell you all the news.
For we have had a deal to do,
Our 'squire's become a show-man too!
And horse and foot arrive in flocks,
To see his worship's famous rocks,
Whilst, he with humorous delight,
Walks all about and shews the sight,
Points out the place, where trembling you
Had like to' have bid the world adieu;
It bears the sad remembrance still,
And people call it GARRICK'S HILL.
The goats their usual distance keep,
We never have recourse to sheep;
And the whole scene wants nothing now,
Except your ferry-boat and cow.

ad a great deal more to say,
t I am sent express away,
fetch the 'squire's three children down
TISSINGTON from DERBY town;
d ALLEN says he'll mend my rhyme,
ıen e'er I write a second time.

THE COBLER

OF

CRIPPLEGATE'S LETTER

TO ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

UNUS'D to verse, and tir'd, Heav'n knows,
Of drudging on in heavy prose,
Day after day, year after year,
Which I have sent the GAZETTEER;
Now, for the first time, I essay
To write in your own easy way.
And now, O LLOYD, I wish I had,
To go that road your ambling pad,
While you, with all a poet's pride,
On the *great horse* of verse might ride.
You leave the road that's rough and stoney,
To pace and whistle with your poney;
Sad proof to us you're *lazy* grown,
And fear to gall your huckle-bone.
For he who rides a nag so small,
Will soon, we fear, ride none at all.
There are, and nought gives more offence,
Who have some fav'rite excellence,

Which evermore they introduce,
And bring it into constant use.
Thus GARRICK still in ev'ry part
Has pause, and attitude, and start:
The pause, I will allow, is good,
And so, perhaps, the attitude;
The start too's fine: but if not scarce,
The tragedy becomes a farce.
I have too, pardon me, some quarrel,
With other branches of your laurel.
I hate the stile, that still defends
Yourself, or praises all your friends,
As if the club of wits was met
To make eulogiums on *the Set*;
Say, must the town for ever hear,
And no *Reviewer* dare to sneer,
Of THORNTON'S humour, GARRICK'S nature,
And COLMAN'S wit, and CHURCHILL'S satire?
CHURCHILL, who—let it not offend,
If I make free, tho' he's your friend,
And sure we cannot want excuse,
When CHURCHILL'S nam'd, for smart abuse—
CHURCHILL! who ever loves to raise
On slander's dung his mushroom bays:
The priest, I grant, has something clever,
A something that will last for ever.

Now higher soar, my muse, and higher,
To BONNEL THORNTON, hight Esquire!
The only man to make us laugh,
A very PETER PARAGRAPH;
The grand conductor and adviser
In CHRONICLE, and ADVERTISER,
Who still delights to run his rig
On *Citizen* and *Periwig!*
Good sense, I know, tho' dash'd with oddity,
In THORNTON is no scarce commodity:
Much learning too I can descry,
Beneath *his* periwig doth lie.——
—— I beg his pardon, I declare
His grizzle's gone for greasy hair,
Which now the wag with ease can scrue,
With dirty ribband in a queue—
But why neglect (his trade forsaking
For scribbling, and for merry-making,)
With tye to overshade that brain,
Which might have shone in WARWICK-LANE?
Why not, with spectacles on nose,
In chariot lazily repose,
A formal, pompous, deep physician,
HIMSELF A SIGN-POST EXHIBITION?
But hold, my Muse! you run a-head:
And where's the clue that shall unthread

The maze, wherein you are entangled?
While out of tune the bells are jangled
Thro' rhymes rough road that serve to deck
My jaded Pegasus his neck.
My muse with LLOYD alone contends:
Why then fall foul upon his friends?
Unless to shew, like handy-dandy,
Or CHURCHILL's GHOST, or TRISTRAM SHANDY,
Now here, now there, with quick progression,
How smartly you can make digression:
Your rambling spirit now confine,
And speak to LLOYD in ev'ry line.

Tell me then, LLOYD, what is't you mean
By cobbling up a MAGAZINE?
A MAGAZINE, a wretched Olio
Purloin'd from quarto and from folio,
From Pamphlet, Newspaper, and Book;
Which tost up by a monthly cook,
Borrows fine shapes, and titles new,
Of fricasee and rich ragoût,
Which dunces dress, as well as you.

Say, is't for you, your wit to coop,
And tumble thro' this narrow hoop?
The body thrives, and so the mind,
When both are free and unconfin'd;
But harness'd in like hackney tit,
To run the monthly stage of wit,

The racer stumbles in the shaft,
And shews he was not meant for draft.
Pot-bellied gluttons, slaves of taste,
Who bind in leathern belt their waist,
Who lick their lips at ham or haunch,
But hate to see the strutting paunch,
Full often rue the pain that's felt
From circumscription of the belt.
Thus women too we ideots call,
Who lace their shapes too close and small.
Tight-stays, they find, oft end in humps,
And take, too late, alas! to jumps.
The Chinese ladies cramp their feet,
Which seem, indeed, both small and neat,
While the dear creatures laugh and talk,
And can do ev'ry thing—but walk;
Thus you, "who trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,"
And in the *Ring* are ever seen,
Or *Rotten-Row* of Magazine,
Will cramp your muse in four-foot verse,
And find at last your ease your curse.
CLIO already humbly begs
You'd give her leave to stretch her legs,
For tho' sometimes she takes a leap,
Yet quadrupeds can only creep.

While Namby-Pamby thus you scribble,
Your manly genius a mere fribble,
Pinn'd down, and sickly, cannot vapour,
Nor dares to spring, or cut a caper.
Rouse then, for shame, your ancient spirit!
Write a great work! a work of merit!
The conduct of your friend examine,
And give a PROPHECY of FAMINE;
Or like yourself, in days of yore,
Write ACTORS, as you did before:
Write what may pow'rful friends create you,
And make your present friends all hate you.
Learn not a shuffling, shambling, pace,
But go erect with manly grace;
For OVID says, and pr'ythee heed it,
Os homini sublime dedit.
But if you still waste all your prime
In spinning Lilliputian rhyme,
Too long your genius will lie fallow,
And ROBERT LLOYD be ROBERT SHALLOW.

ON RHYME.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO

A FRIEND.

BRING paper, ASH, and let me send
My hearty service to my friend.
  How pure the paper looks and white!
What pity 'tis that folks will write,
And on the face of candour scrawl
With desperate ink, and heart of gall!
Yet thus it often fares with those
Who, gay and easy in their *prose*,
Incur ill-nature's ugly crime,
And lay about 'em in their *rhyme*.
  No man more generous, frank and kind,
Of more ingenuous social mind,
Than CHURCHILL, yet tho' CHURCHILL hear,
I will pronounce him too severe,
For, whether scribbling at or not,
He writes no name without a blot.
  Yet, let me urge one honest plea,
Say, is the Muse in fault or He?
The man, whose genius thirsts for praise,
Who boldly plucks, nor waits the bays;

Who drives his rapid car along,
And feels the energy of song;
Writes, from the *impulse* of the Muse,
What sober reason might refuse.
My Lord, who lives and writes *at* ease,
(Sure to be pleas'd, as sure to please)
And draws from silver-stand his pen,
To scribble sonnets *now* and *then;*
Who writes not what he truly feels,
But rather what he slily steals,
And patches up, in courtly phrase,
The manly sense of better days;
Whose dainty Muse is only kist;
But as his dainty Lordship list,
Who treats her like a *Mistress* still,
To turn her off, and keep at will;
Knows not the labour, pains, and strife,
Of him who takes the Muse to *Wife.*
For then the poor good-natur'd man
Must bear his burden as he can;
And if my lady prove a shrew,
What would you have the husband do?
Say, should he thwart her inclination
To work his own, and her vexation?
Or, giving madam all her rein,
Make marriage but a silken chain?

Thus we, who lead poetic lives,
The hen-peck'd culls of vixen wives,
Receive their orders, and obey,
Like husbands in the common way:
And when we write with too much phlegm,
The fault is not in us, but them:
True servants always at command,
We *hold the pen*, they *guide the hand*.
Why need I urge so plain a fact,
To you who catch me in the act?
And see me, (ere I've said my grace,
That is, put SIR in proper place,
Or with epistolary bow,
Have prefac'd, as I scarce know how.)
You see me, as I said before,
Run up and down a page or more,
Without one word of tribute due
To Friendship's altar, and to YOU.
Accept, then, in or out of time,
My honest thanks, tho' writ in rhyme.
And these once paid (to obligations
Repeated thanks grow stale vexations,
And hurt the liberal donor more
Than all his lavish gifts before)
I skip about, as whim prevails,
Like your own frisky goats in WALES,

And follow where the Muse shall lead,
O'er hedge and ditch, o'er hill or mead.
Well might the *Lordly writer praise
The first inventor of *Essays*,
Where wanton fancy gaily rambles,
Walks, paces, gallops, trots, and ambles;
And all things may be sung or said,
While drowsy METHOD's gone to bed.
And blest the poet, or the rhymist,
(For surely none of the sublimest)
Who prancing in his easy mode,
Down this epistolary road;
First taught the Muse to play the fool,
A truant from the pedant's school,
And skipping, like a *tasteless* dunce,
O'er all the UNITIES at once;
(For so we keep but clink and rhyme,
A fig for ACTION, PLACE, and TIME.)
But critics (who still judge by rules,
Transmitted down as guides to fools,
And howsoe'er they prate about 'em,
Drawn from wise folks who write without 'em)
Will blame this frolic, wild excursion,
Which fancy takes for her diversion,
As inconsistent with the law,
Which keeps the sober Muse in awe.

* Shaftsbury.

Who dares not for her life dispense,
With such *mechanic* chains for sense.
  Yet men are often apt to blame
Those errors they'd be proud to claim,
And if their skill, of pigmy size,
To glorious darings cannot rise,
From critic spleen and pedant phlegm,
Would make all genius creep with them,
  Nay, e'en professors of the art,
To prove their wit betray their heart,
And speak against themselves, to shew,
What they would hate the world shou'd know.
As when the measur'd couplets curse
The manacles of Gothic verse,
While the trim bard in *easy* strains,
Talks much of *fetters, clogs,* and *chains;*
He only aims that you should think,
How charmingly he makes them clink.
So have I seen in tragic stride,
The hero of the Mourning Bride,
Sullen and sulky tread the stage,
Till, fixt attention to engage,
He flings his fetter'd arms about,
That all may find ALPHONSO out.
  Oft have I heard it said by those,
Who most shou'd blush to be her foes,

That Rhyme's impertinent vexation
Shackles the brave imagination,
Which longs with eager zeal to try
Her trackless path above the sky,
But that the clog upon her feet,
Restrains her flight, and damps her heat.
From BOILEAU down to his translators,
Dull paraphrasts, and imitators,
All rail at metre at the time
They write and owe their sense to rhyme.
Had HE so maul'd his gentle foe,
But for that lucky word QUINEAUT?
Or had his strokes been half so fine,
Without that closing name COTIN?
Yet dares He on this very theme,
His own APOLLO to blaspheme,
And talk of wars 'twixt rhyme and sense,
And murders which ensu'd from thence,
As if they both resolv'd to meet,
Like Theban sons, in mutual heat,
Forgetful of the ties of brother,
To maim and massacre each other.
'Tis true, sometimes to costive brains,
A couplet costs exceeding pains;
But where the fancy waits the skill
Of fluent easy dress at will,

The thoughts are oft, like colts which stray
From fertile meads, and lose their way,
Clapt up and fasten'd in the pound
Of measur'd rhyme, and barren sound.
— What are these jarring notes I hear,
Grating harsh discord on my ear!
How shrill, how coarse, th' unsettl'd tone,
Alternate 'twixt a squeak and drone,
Worse than the scrannel pipe of straw,
Or music grinding on a saw!
Will none that horrid fiddle break?
— O spare it for GIARDINI'S sake.
'Tis *His*, and only errs by chance,
Play'd by the hand of ignorance.
From this allusion I infer,
'Tis not the art, but artists err,
And Rhyme's a fiddle, sweet indeed,
When touch'd by those who well can lead,
Whose varied notes harmonious flow,
In tones prolong'd from sweeping bow;
But harsh the sounds to ear and mind,
From the poor fidler lame and blind,
Who begs in music at your door,
And thrums *Jack Latin* o'er and o'er.
Some MILTON-mad (an affectation
Glean'd up from college education)

Approve no verse, but that which flows
In epithetic measur'd prose,
With trim expressions gaily drest
Stol'n, misapply'd, and not confest,
And call it writing in the stile
Of that great HOMER of our isle.
Whilom, what time, eftoons and *erst*,
(So prose is oftentimes *beverst*)
Sprinkled with quaint fantastic phrase,
Uncouth to ears of modern days,
Make up the metre, which they call
Blank, CLASSICK BLANK, their All in All.
Can only blank admit sublime?
Go, read and measure DRYDEN's rhyme.
Admire the magic of his song,
See how his numbers roll along,
With ease and strength and varied pause,
Nor cramp'd by sound, nor metre's laws.
Is harmony the gift of rhyme?
Read, if you can, your MILTON's chime;
Where taste, not wantonly severe,
May find the measure, not the ear.
As rhyme, rich rhyme, was DRYDEN's choice,
And blank has MILTON's nobler voice,
I deem it as the subjects lead,
That either measure will succeed.

That rhyme will readily admit
Of fancy, numbers, force, and wit;
But tho' each couplet has its strength,
It palls in works of epic length.
For who can bear to read or hear,
Tho' not offensive to the ear,
The mighty BLACKMORE gravely sing
Of ARTHUR PRINCE, and ARTHUR KING,
Heroic poems without number,
Long, lifeless, leaden, lulling lumber;
Nor pity such laborious toil,
And loss of midnight time and oil?
Yet glibly runs each jingling line,
Smoother, perhaps, than yours or mine,
But still, (tho' peace be to the dead)
The dull, dull poems weigh down lead.
So have I seen upon the road,
A waggon of a mountain's load,
Broad-wheel'd, and drawn by horses eight,
Pair'd like great folks who strut in state:
While the gay steeds, as proud as strong,
Drag the slow tottering weight along,
Each as the steep ascent he climbs,
Moves to his bells, and walks in chimes.
The Muses dwelt on OVID'S tongue,
For OVID never said, but *sung*,

And POPE (for POPE affects the same)
In *numbers lisp'd*, for *numbers came*.
Thus, in historic page I've read
Of some Queen's daughter, fairy-bred,
Who could not either cough or spit,
Without some precious flow of wit,
While her fair lips were as a spout,
To tumble pearls and diamonds out.
Yet, tho' dame Nature may bestow
This knack of verse, and jingling flow:
(And thousands have that impulse felt
With whom the Muses never dwelt)
Tho' it may save the lab'ring brain
From many a thought-perplexing pain,
And while the rhyme presents itself,
Leaves BYSSHE untouch'd upon the shelf;
Yet more demands the critic ear,
Than the two catch-words in the rear,
Which stand like watchmen in the close,
To keep the verse from being prose.
But when reflexion has refin'd
This boist'rous bias of the mind,
When harmony enriches sense,
And borrows stronger charms from thence,
When genius steers from judgment's laws,
When proper cadence, varied pause

Shew nature's strength combin'd with art,
And thro' the ear possess the heart;
Then numbers come, and all before
Is bab, dab, scab—mere rhymes—no more.
  Some boast, which none could e'er impart,
A secret principle of art,
Which gives a melody to rhyme
Unknown to Bards in ancient time.
And BOILEAU leaves it as a rule
To all who enter PHOEBUS' school,
To make the metre strong and fine,
Poets write first your *second* line.
'Tis folly all—No poet flows
In tuneful verse, who thinks in prose;
And all the mighty secret here
Lies in the niceness of the ear.
  E'en in this measure, when the muse,
With genuine ease, her way pursues,
Tho' she affect to hide her skill,
And walks the town in dishabille,
Something peculiar will be seen
Of air, or grace, in shape or mien,
Which will, tho' carelessly display'd,
Distinguish MADAM from her maid.
  Here, by the way of critic sample,
I give the precept and example.

Four feet, you know, in ev'ry line
Is PRIOR's measure, and is mine;
Yet Taste wou'd ne'er forgive the crime
To talk of mine with PRIOR's rhyme.
Yet, take it on a Poet's word,
There are who foolishly have err'd,
And marr'd their proper reputation,
By sticking close to imitation.
A double rhyme is often sought
At strange expence of time and thought;
And tho' sometimes a lucky hit
May give a zest to BUTLER's wit;
Whatever makes the measure halt
Is beauty seldom, oft a fault.
For when we see the wit and pains,
The twisting of the stubborn brains,
To cramp the sense within the bound
Of some queer double treble sound,
Hard is the Muse's travail, and 'tis plain
'Tis pinion'd sense, and EASE in PAIN;
'Tis like a foot that's wrapt about
With flannel in the racking gout.
But here, methinks, 'tis more than time
To wave both simile and rhyme;
For while, as pen and Muses please,
I talk so much of ease and ease,

Tho' the words mention'd o'er and o'er,
I scarce have thought of yours before.
'Tis true, when writing to one's friend,
'Tis a rare science when to end,
As 'tis with wits a common sin
To want th' attention to begin.
So, Sir, (at last indeed) adieu,
Believe me, as you'll find me, true;
And if henceforth, at any time,
APOLLO whispers you in rhyme,
Or Lady Fancy should dispose
Your mind to sally out in prose,
I shall receive, with hallow'd awe,
The Muse's mail from FLEXNEY's *draw*.

AN EPISTLE

TO

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

WRITTEN IN 1756.

You know, dear George, I'm none of those
That condescend to write in prose;
Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
I always soar—in doggrel rhyme,
And scarce can ask you how you do,
Without a jingling line or two.
Besides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of *easy writing*;
Perhaps the reason makes it please
Is, that I find it's writ with ease.
I vent a notion here in private,
Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
Than Addison and his Spectator,
Who says (it is no matter where
But that he says it, I can swear)
With *easy verse* most Bards are smitten,
Because they think it's *easy written*;

Whereas the *easier* it appears,
The greater marks of *care* it wears;
Of which, to give an explanation,
Take this by way of illustration:
The fam'd Mat Prior, it is said,
Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Because he did not like the rhymes.
To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
In short, he *labour'd* to write *easy*.
And yet, no critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a simile will hit him;
His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him,
Which (as no Taylor e'er denied)
The better fit, the more they're tried.
Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
'Tis the result of admiration
To spend itself in imitation;
If imitation may be said,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than these,
That I'm idolator of *ease*.
Who, but a madman, would engage
A Poet in the present age?

Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores, servum Pecus,
Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road.
The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,
Ere Colman wrote in stile so pure,
Or the great TWO the CONNOISSEUR;
Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,
And happy in the close connexion,
T' acquire some name from their reflexion;
So (the similitude is trite)
The moon still shines with borrow'd light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the sun for her lac'd clothes.
Methinks there is no better time
To shew the use I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-sinning,
Presuming on good-nature's score,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see,
Is, that I ramble loose and free:
The Bard indeed full oft complains,
That rhymes are *fetters*, *links*, and *chains*,
And when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keep him pris'ner to the sense.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhyme's like your *fetters* on the *stage*,
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.
From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all it's scope,
That sense may unperceiv'd elope:
So ministers of basest tricks
(I love a fling at *politicks*)
Amuse the Nation, Court, and King,
With breaking F—kes, and hanging Byng;
And make each *puny* rogue a prey,
While they, the *greater*, slink away.
This simile perhaps would strike,
If match'd with something more alike;
Then take it dress'd a second time
In Prior's ease, and *my* sublime.

Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the street,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haste to catch a thief,
While the sly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
Too close beset to run away,
Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,
And so escapes among the croud?
So Ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For sure thy losses now are great;
Two such what Briton can endure,
Minorca and the Connoisseur!

To-day, before the sun goes down,
Will die the Censor, Mr. Town!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With blushing honours thick upon him;
O may his name these verses save,
Be these inscrib'd upon his grave!

Know, reader, that on Thursday died,
The Connoisseur*, a suicide!
Yet think not that his soul is fled,
Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead.
Howe'er defunct you set him down,
He's only *going out* of *Town*.

* The celebrated periodical paper under that title, Mr. Town.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

TO J. B. ESQ.

SHALL I, from worldly friends estrang'd,
Embitter much, but nothing chang'd
In that Affection firm and true,
Which Gratitude excites to You;
Shall I indulge the Muse, or stifle
This meditation of a trifle?
  But you, perhaps, will kindly take
The trifle for the Giver's sake,
Who only pays his grateful Mite,
The just acknowledgment of Right,
As to the Landlord duly sent
A pepper-corn shall pass for rent.
  Yet Trifles often shew the Man,
More than his settled Life and Plan:
These are the starts of inclination;
Those the mere gloss of EDUCATION,
Which has a wond'rous knack at turning
A Blockhead to a Man of Learning;
And, by the help of form and place,
The Child of Sin to Babe of Grace.

Not that it alters Nature quite,
And sets perverted Reason right,
But, like Hypocrisy, conceals
The very passions which she feels;
And claps a Visor on the face,
To hide us from the World's disgrace,
Which, as the first Appearance strikes,
Approves of all things, or dislikes.
Like the fond Fool with eager glee,
Who sold his all, and put to sea,
Lur'd by the calm which seem'd to sleep
On the smooth surface of the Deep;
Nor dreamt it's waves could proudly rise,
And toss up mountains at the skies.
APPEARANCE is the only thing,
A King's a Wretch, a Wretch a King.
Undress them both—You King, suppose
For once you wear the Beggar's cloaths;
Cloaths that will take in every air;
—Bless me! they fit you to a hair.
Now you, Sir Vagrant, quickly don
The robes his Majesty had on.
And now, O WORLD, so wond'rous wise,
Who see with such discerning eyes,
Put observation to the stretch,
Come—which is King, and which is Wretch

To cheat *this* World, the hardest task
Is to be constant to our Mask.
Externals make direct impressions,
And masks are worn by all Professions.
What need to dwell on topics stale?
Of Parsons drunk with wine or ale?
Of Lawyers, who with face of brass,
For learned Rhetoricians pass?
Of Scientific Doctors big,
Hid in the pent-house of their Wig?
Whose conversation hardly goes
Beyond half words, and hums! and Oh's!
Of Scholars, of superior *Taste*,
Who cork it up for fear of waste,
Nor bring one bottle from their shelves,
But keep it always for themselves?
Wretches like these, my soul disdains,
And doubts their hearts as well as brains.
Suppose a Neighbour should desire
To light a candle at your fire,
Would it deprive your flame of Light,
Because another profits by't?
But Youth must often pay it's court
To these *great* Scholars, *by report*,
Who live on hoarded reputation,
Which dares no risk of Conversation,

And boast within a store of Knowledge,
Sufficient, bless us! for a College,
But take a prudent care, no doubt,
That not a grain shall straggle out;
And are of Wit too nice and fine,
To throw their Pearl and Gold to *Swine*;
And therefore, to prevent deceit,
Think every Man a *Hog* they meet.
These may perhaps as Scholars shine,
Who hang *themselves* out for a *Sign*.
What signifies a Lion's skin,
If it conceal an Ass within?
If thou'rt a Lion, prithee roar:
If Ass—bray once, and stalk no more.
In Words as well as Looks be wise,
Silence is Folly in Disguise;
With so much Wisdom bottled up,
Uncork, and give your Friends a sup.
What need your *nothings* thus to save?
Why place the *Dial* in the *Grave*?
A fig for Wit and Reputation,
Which sneaks from all Communication.
So in a post-bag, cheek by jole,
Letters will go from pole to pole,
Which *may* contain a wond'rous deal;
But then they travel under seal,

And though they beat your Wit about,
Yet who shall ever find it out,
Till trusty Wax forgoes it's use,
And sets imprison'd meaning loose?
  Yet idle Folly often deems
What Man must be from what He seems;
As if, to look a dwelling o'er,
You'd go no farther than the Door.
  Mark yon round Parson, fat and sleek,
Who preaches only once a Week,
Whom Claret, Sloth, and Ven'son join
To make an *orthodox* Divine;
Whose Holiness receives it's beauty
From Income large, and little Duty;
Who loves the Pipe, the Glass, the Smock,
And keeps—a Curate for his Flock.
The world, obsequious to his nod,
Shall hail this oily man of God,
While the poor Priest, with half a score
Of prattling Infants at his Door,
Whose sober Wishes ne'er regale
Beyond the homely jug of Ale,
Is hardly deemed companion fit
For Man of Wealth, or Man of Wit,
Though learn'd perhaps and wise as He
Who signs with staring S. T. P.

And full of sacerdotal Pride,
Lays God and Duty both aside.
" This Curate, say you, learn'd and wise!
" Why does not then this Curate rise?"
This Curate then, at *forty-three*,
(Years which become a Curacy)
At no great mart of Letters bred,
Had strange odd notions in his head,
That Parts, and Books, and Application,
Furnish'd all means of Education;
And that a pulpiteer should know
More than his gaping flock below;
That Learning was not got with pain,
To be forgotten all again;
That Latin words, and rumbling Greek,
However charming sounds to speak,
Apt or unapt in each Quotation,
Were *insults* on a Congregation,
Who could not understand one word
Of all the learned stuff they heard;
That something more than preaching fine,
Should go to make a sound divine;
That Church and Pray'r, and holy *Sunday*,
Were no excuse for sinful *Monday*;
That pious doctrine, pious Life,
Should both make one, as Man and Wife.

Thinking in this uncommon Mode,
So out of all the priestly road,
What Man alive can e'er suppose,
Who marks the way PREFERMENT goes,
That she should ever find her way
To this *poor Curate's* house of clay?
Such was the Priest, so strangely wise!
He could not bow—How should He rise?
Learned He was, and deeply read;
—But what of that?—not duly bred.
For He had suck'd no Grammar rules
From Royal founts, or Public schools,
Nor gain'd a single Corn of Knowledge
From that vast Granary—a College.
A Granary, which food supplies
To vermin of uncommon Size.
Aye, now indeed the Matter's clear,
There is a mighty error here.
A public School's the place alone,
Where Talents may be duly known.
It has, no doubt, it's imperfections,
But then, such Friendships! such connections!
The Parent, who has form'd his Plan,
And in his Child consider'd Man,
What is his grand and golden Rule,
" Make your connections, Child, at School.

" Mix with your Equals, fly inferiors,
" But follow *closely* your Superiors,
" On Them your ev'ry Hope depends,
" Be prudent, Tom, get *useful* Friends;
" And therefore like a spider wait,
" And spin your Web about the Great.
" If *my Lord's* Genius wants supplies,
" Why—You must make his Exercise.
" Let the young *Marquis* take your Place,
" And bear a whipping for his *Grace.*
" Suppose (such Things may happen once)
" The Nobles Wits, and You the Dunce,
" Improve the means of Education,
" And learn commodious Adulation.
" Your Master scarcely holds it sin,
" *He* chucks his *Lordship* on the Chin,
" And would not for the World rebuke,
" Beyond a pat, the school-boy *Duke.*
" The Pastor there, of —— what's the Place?
" With smiles eternal in his face,
" With dimpling cheek, and snowy hand,
" That shames the whiteness of his band;
" Whose mincing Dialect abounds
" In Hums and Hahs, and half-form'd sounds;
" Whose Elocution, fine and chaste,
" Lays his *commainds* with Judgment *vaist*;

" And lest the Company should hear,
" Whispers his Nothings in your Ear.
" Think you 'twas Zeal, or Virtue's Care
" That placed the *smirking* Doctor there?
" No—'twas Connections form'd at School
" With some rich Wit, or noble Fool,
" Obsequious Flattery, and Attendance;
" A wilful, useful, base dependance;
" A supple bowing of the Knees
" To any *human God* you please.
" (For true good-breeding's so *polite*,
" 'Twould call the very Devil white)
" 'Twas watching others shifting Will,
" And veering to and fro with Skill:
" These were the means that made him rise,
" Mind your *connections*, and be wise."
Methinks I hear son Tom reply,
I'll be a Bishop by and by.
Connections at a public School
Will often serve a wealthy Fool,
By lending him a letter'd Knave
To bring him Credit, or to save;
And Knavery gets a profit *real*,
By giving parts and worth *ideal*,
The Child that marks this slavish Plan,
Will make his Fortune when a Man.

While honest Wit's ingenuous Merit
Enjoys his pittance, and his Spirit.
The Strength of public Education
Is quick'ning Parts by EMULATION;
And Emulation will create
In narrow minds a jealous state,
Which stifled for a course of Years,
From want of Skill or mutual Fears,
Breaks out in manhood with a zeal,
Which none but rival Wits can feel.
For when good people Wits commence,
They lose all other kind of sense;
(The maxim makes you smile, I see,
Retort it when you please on me)
One writer always hates another,
As Emperors would kill a brother,
Or Empress Queen to rule alone,
Pluck down a Husband from the Throne.
When tir'd of Friendship and alliance,
Each side springs forward to defiance,
Inveterate Hate and Resolution,
Faggot and Fire and Persecution,
Is all their aim, and all their cry,
Though neither side can tell you why.
To it they run like valiant Men,
And flash about them with their Pen.

What Inkshed springs from Altercation!
What loppings off of Reputation!
You might as soon hush stormy Weather,
And bring the North and South together,
As reconcile your letter'd foes,
Who come to all things but dry blows.
Your desperate lovers wan and pale,
As needy culprits in a jail,
Who muse and doat, and pine, and die,
Scorch'd by the light'ning of an eye,
(For ladies' eyes, with fatal stroke,
Will blast the veriest heart of oak)
Will wrangle, bicker, and complain,
Merely to make it up again.
Though Swain look glum, and Miss look fiery,
'Tis nothing but *amantium iræ*,
And all the progress purely this—
A frown, a pout, a tear, a kiss.
Thus love and quarrels (April weather)
Like vinegar and oil together,
Join in an easy mingled strife,
To make the sallad up of life.
Love settles best from altercation,
As liquors after fermentation.
In a stage-coach, with lumber cramm'd,
Between two bulky bodies jamm'd,

Did you ne'er writhe yourself about,
To find the seat and cushion out?
How disagreeably you sit,
With b—m awry, and place unfit,
Till some kind jolt o'er ill-pav'd town,
Shall wedge you close, and nail you down;
So fares it with your fondling dolts,
And all love's quarrels are but jolts.
When tiffs arise, and words of strife
Turn one to two in man and wife,
(For that's a matrimonial course
Which yoke-mates must go through perforce,
And ev'ry married man is certain
T'attend the lecture call'd the *curtain*)
Tho' not another word is said,
When once the couple are in bed:
There things their proper channel keep,
(They make it up, and go to sleep)
These fallings in and fallings out,
Sometimes with cause, but most without,
Are but the common modes of strife,
Which oil the springs of married life,
Where sameness would create the spleen,
For ever *stupidly serene*.
Observe yon downy bed—to make it,
You toss the feathers up, and shake it.

o fondness springs from words and scuffling,
s beds lie smoothest after shuffling.
But Authors wranglings will create
he very quintessence of hate ;
eace is a fruitless vain endeavour,
worn foes for once, they're foes for ever.
–Oh ! had it pleas'd my wiser betters
'hat I had never tasted letters,
'hen no Parnassian maggots bred,
ike fancies in a madman's head,
No graspings at an idle name,
No childish hope of future fame,
No impotence of wit had ta'en
?ossession of my muse-struck brain.
Or had my birth, with fortune fit,
Varnish'd the dunce, or made the wit;
I had not held a shameful place,
Nor letters paid me with disgrace.
—O ! for a pittance of my own,
That I might live unsought, unknown!
Retir'd from all this pedant strife,
Far from the cares of bust'ling life ;
Far from the wits, the fools, the great,
And all the little world I hate.

EPISTLE

TO THE SAME, 1757.

Has my good dame a wicked child?
It takes the gentler name of wild.
If chests he breaks, if locks he picks,
'Tis nothing more than youthful tricks.
The mother's fondness stamps it merit,
For vices are a sign of spirit.
Say, do the neighbours think the same
With the good old indulgent dame?
Cries gossip Prate, "I hear with grief
"My neighbour's son's an arrant thief.
"Nay, cou'd you think it, I am told,
"He stole five guineas, all in gold.
"You know the youth was always wild—
"He got his father's maid with child;
"And robb'd his master, to defray
"The money he had lost at play.
"All means to save him now must fail.
"What can it end in?—In a jail."
Howe'er the dame doats o'er her youth,
My gossip says the very truth.

But as his vices love would hide,
Or torture them to virtue's side,
So friendship's glass deceives the eye,
(A glass too apt to magnify)
And makes you *think* at least you see
Some spark of genius, ev'n in me:
You say I shou'd get fame. I doubt it:
Perhaps I am as well without it.
For what's the worth of empty praise?
What poet ever din'd on bays?
For though the Laurel, rarest wonder!
May screen us from the stroke of thunder,
This mind I ever was, and am in,
It is no antidote to famine.
And poets live on slender fare,
Who, like Cameleons, feed on air,
And starve, to gain an empty breath,
Which only serves them after death.
Grant I succeed, like Horace rise,
And strike my head against the skies;
Common experience daily shews,
That poets have a world of foes;
And we shall find in every town
Gossips enough to cry them down;
Who meet in pious conversation
T' anatomize a reputation,

With flippant tongue, and empty head,
Who talk of things they never read.
Their idle censures I despise:
Their niggard praises won't suffice.
Tempt me no more then to the crime
Of dabbling in the font of rhyme.
My Muse has answer'd all her end,
If her productions please a friend.
The world is burthen'd with a store,
Why need I add one scribbler more?

GENIUS, ENVY, AND TIME,

A FABLE;

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.

In all professionary skill,
There never was, nor ever will
Be excellence, or exhibition,
But fools are up in opposition;
Each letter'd, grave, pedantic dunce
Wakes from his lethargy at once,
Shrugs, shakes his head, and rubs his eyes,
And, being dull, looks wond'rous wise,
With solemn phiz, and critic scowl,
The wisdom of his brother owl.
Moderns! He hates the very name;
Your Antients have prescriptive claim:—
But let a century be past,
And We have taste and wit at last;
For at that period Moderns too
Just turn the corner of *Virtù*.
But merit now has little claim
To any meed of present fame,

For 'tis not worth that gets you friends,
'Tis excellence that most offends.
If, Proteus-like, a GARRICK's art,
Shews taste and skill in every part;
If, ever just to nature's plan,
He is in all the very man,
E'en here shall Envy take her aim,
——— write, and ——— blame,
The JEALOUS WIFE, tho' chastely writ,
With no parade of frippery wit,
Shall set a scribbling, all at once,
Both giant wit, and pigmy dunce;
While Critical Reviewers write,
Who shew their teeth before they bite,
And sacrifice each reputation
From wanton false imagination.
These observations, rather stale,
May borrow spirit from a tale.

GENIUS, a bustling lad of parts,
Who all things did by fits and starts,
Nothing above him or below him,
Who'd make a riot, or a poem,
From eccentricity of thought,
Not always do the thing he ought;
But was it once his own election,
Would bring all matters to perfection;

Would act, design, engrave, write, paint,
But neither from the least constraint,
Who hated all pedantic schools,
And scorn'd the gloss of knowing fools,
That hold perfection all in all,
Yet treat it as *mechanical*,
And give the same sufficient rule
To make a poem, as a stool—
From the first spring-time of his youth,
Was downright worshipper of truth;
And with a free and liberal spirit,
His courtship paid to Lady MERIT.
ENVY, a squint-ey'd, mere old maid,
Well known among the scribbling trade;
A hag, so very, very, thin,
Her bones peep'd through her bladder-skin;
Who could not for her soul abide
That folks shou'd praise, where she must chide,
Follow'd the Youth where'er he went,
To mar each good and brave intent;
Would lies, and plots, and mischief hatch,
To ruin HIM and spoil the match.
Honour she held at bold defiance,
Talk'd much of *Faction*, Gang, Alliance,
As if the real sons of taste
Had clubb'd to lay a DESART waste.

In short, wherever GENIUS came,
You'd find this Antiquated Dame;
Whate'er he did, where'er he went,
She follow'd only to torment;
Call'd MERIT by a thousand names,
Which decency or truth disclaims,
While all her business, toil, and care,
Was to depreciate, lye, compare,
To pull the Modest Maiden down,
And blast her fame to all the town.
The Youth, inflam'd with conscious pride,
To Prince POSTERITY apply'd,
Who gave his answer thus in rhyme,
By his chief minister, Old TIME.
" Repine not at what pedants say,
" We'll bring thee forward on the way;
" If wither'd ENVY strive to hurt
" With lies, with impudence, and dirt,
" You only pay a common tax
" Which fool, and knave, and dunce exacts.
" Be this thy comfort, this thy joy,
" Thy strength is in it's prime, my boy,
" And ev'ry year thy vigour grows,
" Impairs the credit of my foes.
" ENVY shall sink, and be no more,
" Than what her NAIADS were before;

Mere excremental maggots, bred
n poet's topsy-turvy head,
Born like a momentary fly,
To flutter, buzz about, and die.
" Yet, GENIUS, mark what I presage,
Who look through every distant age:
MERIT shall bless thee with her charms,
FAME lift thy offspring in her arms,
And stamp eternity of grace
On all thy numerous various race.
ROUBILLIAC, WILTON, names as high
As *Phidias* of antiquity,
Shall strength, expression, manner give,
And make e'en marble breathe and live;
While SIGISMUNDA's deep distress,
Which looks the soul of wretchedness,
When I, with slow and soft'ning pen,
Have gone o'er all the tints agen,
Shall urge a bold and proper claim
To level half the ancient fame;
While future ages yet unknown
With critic air shall proudly own
Thy HOGARTH first of every clime,
For humour keen, or strong sublime,
And hail him from his fire and spirit,
The Child of GENIUS and of MERIT."

THE

HARE AND TORTOISE

1757.

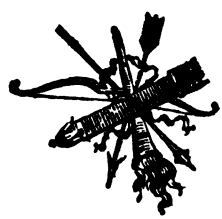
A FABLE.

GENIUS, blest term, of meaning wide,
For sure no term so misapply'd,
How many bear thy sacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the specious appellation,
Thus fools have christen'd inclination.
  But yet suppose a genius true,
Exempli gratiâ, me or you:
Whate'er he tries with due attention,
Rarely escapes his apprehension;
Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
You'd swear he learnt by intuition.
Shou'd he rely alone on parts,
And study therefore but by starts?
Sure of success whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to rise?
  Suppose your watch a Graham make,
Gold, if you will, for value's sake;

It's springs within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes so true;
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What service is it in the wear?
Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays,
Perhaps within your bosom plays:
O how the purer rays aspire,
If application fans the fire!
Without it Genius vainly tries,
Howe'er sometimes it seem to rise:
Nay application will prevail,
When braggart parts and Genius fail:
And now to lay my proof before ye,
I here present you with a story.
In days of yore, when time was young,
When birds convers'd as well as sung,
When use of speech was not confin'd
Merely to brutes of human kind,
A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,
The Genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Wou'd oft deride the drudging croud:
(For Geniuses are ever proud).
He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd *beat them hollow*;
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren *half a length*.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation.
Oh Puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial.
'Twas done and gone, all fair, a bet,
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.
The scamp'ring Hare outstript the wind,
The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
When Puss had almost reach'd the goal.
"Friend Tortoise," quoth the jeering Hare,
"Your burthen's more than you can bear,
"To help your speed, it were as well
"That I should ease you of your shell:
"Jog on a little faster pr'ythee,
"I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."
So said, so done, and safely sure,
For say, what conquest more secure?
Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.
The Tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to *persevere*,
Still draw'd along, as who should say,
I'll win, like Fabius, by delay;

On to the goal securely crept,
While Puss unknowing soundly slept.
The bets were won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoise spake.
"Puss, tho' I own thy quicker parts,
"Things are not always done by starts.
"You may deride my aukward pace,
"But *slow and steady* wins the race."



A TALE.

VENUS, of laughter queen and love,
The greatest demirep above,
Who scorn'd restriction, hated custom,
Knew her own sex too well to trust 'em,
Proceeded on the noble plan,
At any rate, to have her man;
Look'd on decorum, as mere trash,
And liv'd like *** and ***,
From Paphos, where they her revere
As much as we do Cælia here,
Or from Cythera, where her altars
Are deck'd with daggers, true-love halters,
Garters yclept, and other trophies,
Which prove that man in love an oaf is,
According to appointment, came
To see CÆCILIA, tuneful dame,
Whose praise by Dryden's Ode is grown
Bright and immortal as his own,
And who hath been for many years
The chief directress of the spheres.

Thomas, who rode behind the car,
And for a flambeau held a star,
Who, in the honest way of trade,
Hath forg'd more horns, and cuckolds made,
Than Vulcan and his brawny dolts
Ever for Jove forg'd thunderbolts,
Slipt gently down, and ran before 'em,
Ringing the bell with due decorum.

But, truth to say, I cannot tell
Whether it Knocker was or Bell,
(This for virtù an anecdote is)
Which us'd to give CÆCILIA notice,
When any lady of the sky
Was come to bear her company.
But this I'm sure, be which it will,
Thomas perform'd his part with skill.

Methinks I hear the reader cry—
His part with skill? why, You or I,
Or any body else, as well
As Thomas, sure, could ring a bell,
Nor did I ever hear before
Of skill in knocking at a door.

Poor low-liv'd creature! I suppose,
Nay, and am sure, you're one of those
Who, at what door soe'er they be,
Will always knock in the same key.

Thinking that Bell and Knocker too
Were found out nothing else to do,
But to inform the house, no doubt,
That there was somebody without,
Who, if they might such favour win,
Would rather chuse to be within.
  But had our servants no more sense,
Lord! what must be the consequence?
Error would error still pursue,
And strife and anarchy ensue,
Punctilio from her altar hurl'd,
Whence she declares unto the world
Whate'er by fancy is decreed,
Thro' all her niceties must bleed.
  For if there was not to be found
Some wholesome difference of sound,
But the same rap foretold the approach
Of him who walk'd, or rode in coach,
A poor relation now and then,
Might to my Lord admittance gain,
When his good Lordship hop'd to see
Some rascal of his own degree;
And, what is more unhappy still,
The stupid wretch who brings a bill,
Might pass thro' all the motley tribe,
As free as one, who brings a bribe.

My Lady too might pique her grace
With carriage stiff and formal face,
Which, she deceiv'd, had taken care
For some inferior to prepare;
Or might some wretch from Lombard-street
With greater ease and freedom meet,
Than sense of honour will admit
Between my Lady and a Cit.

Those evils wisely to prevent,
And root out care and discontent,
Ev'ry gay smart, who rides behind,
With rose and bag in taste refin'd,
Must music fully understand,
Have a nice ear and skilful hand;
At ev'ry turn be always found,
A perfect connoisseur in sound;
Thro' all the gamut skilful fly
Varying his notes, now low, now high,
According as he shifts his place;
Now hoarsely grumbling in the base,
Now turning tenor, and again
To treble raising his shrill strain;
So to declare, where'er he be,
His master's fortune and degree,
By the distinguishing address
Which he'll upon the door express.

Thomas, whom I have nam'd before
As ringing at CÆCILIA's door,
Was perfect master of this art,
And vers'd alike in ev'ry part:
So that Cæcilia knew, before
Her footman came unto the door,
And in due form had told her so,
That Madam VENUS was below.

The doors immediate open flew,
The GODDESS, without more ado,
Displaying beauty's thousand airs,
Skim'd thro' the hall, and trip'd up stairs.

CÆCILIA met her with a smile
Of great delight, when all the while
If her false heart could have been seen,
She wish'd she had at Cyprus been.

But ladies, skill'd in forms and arts,
Don't in their faces wear their hearts,
And those above, like those below,
Deal frequently in outside show,
And always to keep up parade,
Have a smile by them ready-made.

The forms, which ladies when they meet
Must for good-manners' sake repeat,
As *humble servant, how d'you do,*
And in return, *pray how are you?*

Enrich'd at ev'ry proper space
With due integuments of lace,
As Madam, Grace, and Goddesship,
Which we for brevity shall skip,
Happily past, in elbow-chair
At length our ladies seated are.
Indiff'rent subjects first they chuse,
And talk of weather and the news.
That done, they sit upon the State,
And snarl at the decrees of fate,
Invectives against Jove are hurl'd,
And They alone should rule the world.
Dull politics at length they quit,
And by ill-nature shew their wit;
For hand in hand, too well we know,
These intimates are said to go,
So that where either doth preside
T' other's existence is implied.
The man of wit, so men decree,
Must without doubt ill-natur'd be;
And the ill-natur'd scarce forgets
To rank himself among the wits.
Malicious VENUS, who by rote
Had ev'ry little anecdote,
And most minutely could advance
Each interesting circumstance,

Praise what they do not understand,
Turn up the eye, stretch out the hand,
Melt into tears, whilst ——— blows
The twang of nonsense thro' his nose,
Or ——— deals in speculation,
Or ——— hums his congregation,
Or ——— talks with the Lord of Hosts,
——— with pillars and with posts;
Who strictly watch, lest Satan shou'd,
Roaring like lion for his food,
Ensnare their feet his fatal trap in,
And their poor souls be taken napping;
Who strictly fast, because they find,
The flesh still wars against the mind,
And flesh of saints, like sinner's must
Be mortified, to keep down lust;
Who, four times in the year at least,
Join feast of love to love of feast,
Which, tho' the profligate and vain,
In terms of blasphemy prophane,
Yet all the ceremony here is
Pure as the mysteries of Ceres;
Who, God's elect, with triumph feel
Within themselves salvation's seal,
And will not, must not, dare not doubt,
That Heav'n itself can't blot it out;

After they've done their holy labours,
Return to scandalize their neighbours,
And think they can't serve Heav'n so well,
As with it's creatures filling Hell:
So that, inflam'd with holy pride,
They save themselves, damn all beside.
For persons, who pretend to feel
The glowings of uncommon zeal,
Who others scorn, and seem to be
Righteous in very great degree,
Do, 'bove all others, take delight
To vent their spleen in tales of spite,
And think they raise their own renown
By pulling of a neighbour's down;
Still lying on with most success,
Because they charity profess,
And make the out-side of religion,
Like Mahomet's inspiring pigeon,
To all their forgeries gain credit,
'Tis enough sure that ——— said it.

But what can all this rambling mean?
Was ever such an hodge-podge seen?
VENUS, CÆCILIA, Saints, and Whores,
Thomas, Vertù, Bells, Knockers, Doors,
Lords, Rogues, Relations, Ladies, Cits,
Stars, Flambeaux, Thunderbolts, Horns, Wits,

Vulcan, and Cuckold-maker, Scandal,
Music, and Footmen, Ear of Handel,
Weather, News, Envy, Politics,
Intrigues, and Women's Thousand Tricks,
Prudes, Methodists, and Devotees,
Fastings, Feasts, Pray'rs, and Charities,
Ceres, with her mysterious train,
———, ———, ———, and ———,
Flesh, Spirit, Love, Hate, and Religion,
A Quail, a Raven, and a Pigeon,
All jumbled up in one large dish,
Red Herring, Bread, Fowl, Flesh, and Fish
Where's the connection, where's the plan
The Devil sure is in the man.
All in an instant we are hurl'd
From place to place all round the world,
Yet find no reason for it — mum —
There, my good critic, lies the hum —
Well, but methinks, it would avail
To know the end of this—A TALE.

THE

TWO RUBRIC POSTS.

A DIALOGUE.

In *Russel-street*, ensued of late,
Between two posts a strange debate.
—Two posts—aye posts—for posts can speak,
In *Latin*, *Hebrew*, *French*, or *Greek*,
One Rubric thus address'd the other:
" —A noble situation, brother,
" With authors lac'd from top to toe,
" Methinks we cut a *taring* show,
" The *Dialogues* of famous dead,
" You know how much they're bought and read.
" Suppose again we raise their Ghosts,
" And make them chat through us two Posts;
" A thing's half finish'd well begun,
" So take the authors as they run.
" The list of names is mighty fine,
" You look down this, and I that line,
" Here's POPE and SWIFT, and STEELE and GAY,
" And CONGREVE, in the modern way.

" Whilst you have those, I cannot speak,
" But sound most wonderful in *Greek*.
" —— A Dialogue —— I should adore it,
" With such a show of names before it."
" Modern, your judgment wanders wide,"
The antient Rubric strait reply'd.
" It grieves me much, indeed, to find
" We never can be of a mind,
" Before one door, and in one street,
" Neither ourselves nor thoughts can meet,
" And we, as brother oft with brother,
" Are at a distance from each other.
" Suppose among the *letter'd* dead,
" Some author should erect his head,
" And starting from his Rubric, pop
" Directly into DAVIES' shop,
" Turn o'er the leaves, and look about
" To find his own opinions out;
" D'ye think one author out of ten
" Would know his sentiments agen?
" Thinking your authors differ less in
" Than in their manner of expressing.
" 'Tis stile which makes the writer known,
" The mark he sets upon his own.
" Let CONGREVE speak as CONGREVE will,
" And keep the ball up of his wit;

" Let SWIFT be SWIFT, nor e'er demean
" The sense and humour of the DEAN.
" E'en let the patients rest in peace,
" Nor bring good folks from *Rome* or *Greece*
" To give a cause for past transactions,
" They never dreamt of in their actions.
" I can't help quibbling, brother Post,
" 'Twere better we should lay the Ghost,
" But 'twere a task of real merit
" Could we contrive to raise their *Spirit.*"
" Peace, brother, peace, tho' what you say,
" I own has reason in it's way,
" On Dialogues to bear so hard,
" Is playing with a dang'rous card;
" Writers of rank are sacred things,
" And crush like arbitrary Kings.
" Perhaps your sentiment is right,
" Heav'n grant we may not suffer by't.
" For should friend DAVIES* overhear,
" He'll publish ours another year."

* Mr. Davies, the bookseller, of Great Russel-street, Covent Garden.

A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

FROM THE REV. MR. HANBURY'S HORSE,

TO THE REV. MR. SCOT.

AMONGST you *bipeds*, reputation
Depends on *Rank* and *Situation;*
And men increase in fame and worth,
Not from their merits, but their *Birth.*
Thus he is born to live obscure,
Who has the sin of being poor;
While wealthy dullness lolls at ease,
And is—as witty as you please.
—" What did his *Lordship* say?—O! fine!
" The very *Thing! Bravo! Divine!*"
And then 't:s buzz'd from *Rout* to *Rout,*
While ladies whisper it about,
" Well, I protest, a charming hit!
" His *Lerdship* has a deal of wit.
" How elegant that double sense!
" *Perdigious! vaistly fine! Immense!*

When all my Lord has said or done,
Was but the *letting off* a pun.
Mark the fat *Cit*, whose good round sum,
Amounts at least to half a *Plumb*;
Whose chariot whirls him up and down
Some three or four miles out of town;
For thither sober folks repair,
To take the *Dust*, which they call air.
Dull folly (not the wanton wild
Imagination's younger child)
Has taken lodgings in his face,
As finding that a *vacant* place,
And peeping from *his* windows, tells
To all beholders, where she dwells.
Yet once a week, this purse-proud Cit,
Shall ape the sallies of a wit,
And after ev'ry Sunday's dinner,
To priestly saint, or city sinner,
Shall tell the story o'er and o'er,
H'as told a thousand times before;
Like gamesters, who, with eager zeal,
Talk the game o'er between the deal.
Mark! how the fools and knaves admire
And chuckle with their Sunday 'squire:
While he looks pleas'd at every guest,
And laughs much louder than the rest;

And cackling with incessant grin,
Triples the *Double* of his chin.
Birth, rank, and wealth, have wond'rous skill;
Make *Wits* and *Statesmen* when they will;
While genius holds no estimation,
From luckless want of *Situation*;
And, if through clouded scenes of life,
He takes dame Poverty to wife,
Howe'er he work and tease his brain,
His pound of wit scarce weighs a *grain*;
While with his *Lordship* it *abounds*,
And one light grain swells out to *pounds*.
Receive, good sir, with aspect kind,
This wanton *gallop* of the mind;
But, since all things encrease in worth,
Proportion'd to their rank and birth;
Lest you should think the letter base,
While I supply the poet's place,
I'll tell you whence and what I am,
My *Breed*, my *Blood*, my *Sire*, my *Dam*.
My *Sire* was PINDAR'S *Eagle*, son
Of *Pegasus* of HELICON;
My *Dam*, the *Hippogryph*, which whirl'd
Astolpho to the lunar world.
Both high-bred things of *mettled blood*,
The best in all APOLLO'S stud.

Now CRITICS here would bid me speak
The OLD horse language, that is *Greek*;
For HOMER made us talk, you know,
Almost three thousand years ago;
And men of *Taste* and *Judgment* FINE,
Allow the passage is *divine*.
They were fine mettled things indeed,
And of peculiar strength and breed;
What leaps they took, how far and wide!
—They'd take a country at a stride.
How great each leap, LONGINUS knew,
Who from dimensions ta'en of two,
Affirms, with equal ardour whirl'd,
A third, good Lord! would clear the world.
But still some learned wight shall shew
If *Accents* MUST be us'd, or no,
A doubt, which puzzles all the wise
Of giant and of pigmy size,
Who waste their time, and fancies vex
With *asper*, *lenis*, *circumflex*,
And talk of *mark* and punctuation,
As 'twere a matter of salvation;
For when your pigmies take the pen
They fancy they grow up to *Men*,
And thing they keep the world in awe
By brandishing a very *Straw*.

Till they have clear'd this weighty doubt,
Which they'll be centuries about,
As a plain nag, in homely phrase,
I'll use the language of *our* days;
And, for this first and only time,
Just make a *trot* in easy rhyme.
Nor let it shock your thought or sight,
That thus a *quadruped* should write;
Read but the papers, and you'll see
More prodigies of wit than me;
Grown men and *Sparrows* taught to dance,
By Monsieur *Passerat* from France;
The *learned* dog, the *learned* mare,
The *learned* bird, the *learned* hare;
And all are *fashionable* too,
And play at cards as well as you.
Of paper, pen, and ink possess'd,
With faculties of writing blest,
Why should not I then, *Hownnyhwm* bred
(A word that must be *seen*, not said)
Rid you of all that anxious care,
Which good folks feel for good and fair,
And which your looks betray'd indeed,
To more discerning eyes of steed;
When in the shape of useful hack,
I bore a Poet on my back?

Know, safely rode my master's bride,
The bard before her for *my* guide.
Yet think not, sir, his awkward care
Ensur'd protection to the fair.
No—conscious of the prize I bore,
My wayward footsteps slipt no more.
For though I scorn the *Poet's* skill,
My mistress guides me where she will.
Abstract in wond'rous speculation,
Lost in laborious meditation,
As whether 'twould promote *Sublime*
If *Silver* could be pair'd in rhyme;
Or, as the word of *sweeter Tune*,
Month might be clink'd instead of moon.
No wonder Poets hardly know
Or what they do, or where they go.
Whether they ride or walk the street,
Their *heads* are always on their *feet;*
They now and then may get astride
Th' *ideal* Pegasus, and ride
Prodigious journeys—round a room,
As boys ride cock-horse on a broom.
Whether *Acrostics* teize the brain,
Which goes a hunting words in vain,
(For words most *capitally* sin,
Unless their letters right begin.)

S ince how to man or woman's name,
C ould you or I Acrostic frame.
O r make the *staring* letters join,
T o form the word, that tells us *thine*,
Unless we'ad *right* initials got,
S, C, O, T, and so made SCOT?
Or whether *Rebus*, *Riddle's* brother
(Both which had DULLNESS for their mother)
Employ the gentle Poet's care,
To celebrate some town or fair,
Which all *ad libitum* he slits
For *you* to pick it up by bits,
Which bits together plac'd, will frame
Some city's or some lady's name;
As when a worm is cut in twain,
It joins and is a worm again;
When thoughts *so* weighty, *so* intense,
Above the reach of common sense,
Distract and twirl the mind about,
Which fain would hammer something out;
A kind discharge relieves the mind,
As folks are eas'd by breaking wind;
Whatever whims or maggots bred
Take place of sense in Poet's head,
They fix themselves without controul,
Where'er it's seat is on the soul.

Then, like your heathen idols, we
Have eyes indeed, but cannot see,
(*We*, for I take the Poet's part,
And for my blood, am *Bard* at heart)
For in reflection deep immerst,
The man muse-bitten and *be-verst*,
Neglectful of externals all,
Will run his head against a wall,
Walk thro' a river as it flows,
Nor see the bridge before his nose.
Are things like these equestrians fit
To mount the back of mettled tit?
Are—but farewell, for here comes *Bob*,
And I must serve some hackney job;
Fetch letters, or, for recreation,
Transport the bard to our *Plantation*.
Robert joins compts with *Burnam Black*,
Your humble servant *Hanbury's* hack.

TO THE

REV. MR. HANBURY,

OF CHURCH-LANGTON, LEICESTERSHIRE,

ON HIS PLANTATIONS.

WHILE vain pursuits a trifling race engage,
And Virtue slumbers in a thriftless age,
Thy glorious plan*, on deep foundations laid,
Which aiding Nature, Nature's bound to aid,
The wise man's study, tho' the blockhead's scorn,
Shall speak for ages to a world unborn.
Though fools deride, for Censure's still at hand
To damn the work she cannot understand,
Pursue thy project with an ardour fit;
Fools are but whetstones to a man of wit.
Like puling infants seem'd thy rising plan,
Now knit in strength, it speaks an active man.
So the broad oak, which from *thy* grand design
Shall spread aloft, and tell the world 'twas thine,
A strip'ling first, just peep'd above the ground,
Which, ages hence, shall fling it's shade around.

* See Mr. Hanbury's Essay on Planting.

A

FAMILIAR LETTER OF

RHYMES,

TO A LADY.

YES—I could rifle grove and bow'r
And strip the beds of every flow'r,
And deck them in their fairest hue,
Merely to be out-blush'd by you.
The lily pale, by my direction,
Should fight the rose for your complexion;
Or I could make up sweetest posies,
Fit fragrance for the ladies' noses,
Which drooping, on your breast reclining,
Should all be withering, dying, pining,
Which every songster can display,
I've more authorities than GAY;
Nay, I could teach the globe it's duty
To pay all homage to your beauty,
And, wit's creative pow'r to show,
The very *fire* should mix with *snow*;

Your eyes, that brandish burning *darts*
To scorch and singe our *tinder* hearts,
Should be the *lamps* for lover's ruin,
And light them to their own undoing;
While all the *snow* about your breast
Should leave them hopeless and distrest.
For those who rarely soar above
The art of coupling *love* and *dove*,
In their conceits and amorous fictions,
Are mighty fond of contradictions,
Above, in air; in earth, beneath;
And things that do, or do not breathe,
All have their parts, and separate place,
To paint the fair one's various grace.
Her cheek, her eye, her bosom show
The rose, the lily, diamond, snow.
Jet, milk, and amber, vales and mountains,
Stars, rubies, suns, and mossy fountains,
The Poet gives them all a share
In the description of his fair.
She *burns*, she *chills*, she pierces hearts,
With locks, and bolts, and flames, and darts.
And could we trust th' extravagancy
Of every Poet's youthful fancy,
They'd make each nymph they love so well,
As *cold* as snow, as *hot* as ——.

— O gentle lady, spare your fright,
No horrid rhyme shall wound your sight.
I would not for the world be heard,
To utter such *unseemly* word,
Which the politer parson fears
To mention to politer ears.
But, could a female form be shown,
(The thought, perhaps, is not my own)
Where every circumstance should meet
To make the Poet's nymph complete,
Form'd to his fancy's utmost pitch,
She'd be as ugly as a witch.
Come then, O Muse, of trim conceit,
Muse, always fine, but never neat,
Who to the dull unsated ear
Of *French* or *Tuscan* SONNETEER,
Tak'st up the same unvaried tone,
Like the *Scotch* bagpipe's favourite drone,
Squeezing out thoughts in ditties quaint,
To Poet's mistress, whore, or saint;
Whether thou dwell'st on ev'ry grace,
Which lights the world from LAURA'S face,
Or amorous praise expatiates wide
On beauties which the nymph must hide;
For wit affected, loves to show
Her every charm from top to toe,

And wanton fancy oft pursues
Minute description from the Muse,
Come and pourtray, with pencil fine,
The Poet's *mortal* nymph *divine*.
Her *golden* locks of classic hair,
Are *nets* to catch the wanton air;
Her forehead *ivory*, and her eyes
Each a bright *sun* to light the skies,
Orb'd in whose centre, *Cupid* aims
His darts, protect us! tipt with *flames*;
While the sly god's unerring bow
Is the half circle of her *brow*.
Each lip a *ruby*, parting, shews
The precious *pearl* in even rows,
And all the loves and graces sleek
Bathe in the dimples of her *cheek*.
Her *breasts* pure *snow*, or white *as milk*,
Are *ivory* apples, smooth as silk,
Or else, as fancy trips on faster,
Fine *marble* hills or *alabaster*.
A figure made of wax wou'd please
More than an aggregate of these,
Which though they are of precious worth
And held in great esteem on earth,
What are they, rightly understood,
Compar'd to real flesh and blood?

And I, who hate to act by rules
Of whining, rhyming, loving fools,
Can never twist my mind about
To find such strange resemblance out,
And simile that's only fit
To shew my plenteous lack of wit.
Therefore, omitting flames and darts,
Wounds, sighs and tears, and bleeding hearts,
Obeying, what I here declare
Makes half my happiness, the Fair,
The favourite subject I pursue,
And write, as who would not, for you.
Perhaps my Muse, a common curse,
Errs in the manner of her verse,
Which, slouching in the doggrel lay,
Goes tittup all her easy way.
Yes—an Acrostic had been better,
Where each good-natur'd prattling letter
Though it conceal the writer's aim,
Tells all the world his lady's name.
But all Acrostics, it is said,
Shew wond'rous pain of empty head,
Where wit is cramp'd in hard confines,
And fancy dare not jump the lines.
I love a fanciful disorder,
And straggling out of rule and order;

Impute not then to vacant head,
Or what I've writ, or what I've said,
Which imputation can't be true,
Where head and heart's so full of you.
Like TRISTRAM SHANDY, I could write
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Sometimes obscure, and sometimes leaning
A little sideways to a meaning,
And unfatigu'd myself, pursue
The civil mode of teazing you.
For as your folks who love the dwelling
On circumstance in story telling,
And to give each relation grace,
Describe the time, the folks, the place,
And are religiously exact
To point out each unmeaning fact,
Repeat their wonders *undesired*,
Nor think one hearer can be tired;
So they who take a method worse,
And *prose* away, like me, in *verse*,
Worry their mistress, friends or betters,
With satire, sonnet, ode, or letters,
And think the knack of pleasing follows
Each jingling pupil of APOLLO'S.
— Yet let it be a venial crime
That I address you thus in Rhyme.

Nor think that I am *Phœbus'*-bit
By the *Tarantula* of wit,
But as the meanest critic knows
All females have a knack at prose,
And letters are the mode of writing
The ladies take the most delight in;
Bold is the man, whose saucy aim
Leads him to form a rival claim;
A double death the victim dies,
Wounded by wit as well as eyes.
—With mine disgrace a lady's prose,
And put a nettle next a rose?
Who would so long as taste prevails,
Compare *St. James's* with *Versailles*?
The nightingale, as story goes,
Fam'd for the music of his woes,
In vain against the artist try'd,
But strain'd his tuneful throat—and died.
Perhaps I sought the rhyming way,
For reasons which have pow'rful sway.
The swain, no doubt, with pleasure sues
The nymph he's sure will not refuse,
And more compassion may be found
Amongst these goddesses of sound,
Than always happens to the share
Of the more cruel human fair;

Who love to fix their lover's pains,
Pleas'd with the rattling of their chains,
Rejoicing in their servant's grief,
As 'twere a sin to give relief.
They twist each easy fool about,
Nor let them in, nor let them out,
But keep them twirling on the fire
Of apprehension and desire,
As cock-chafers, with corking pin
The school-boy stabs, to make them spin.
For 'tis a maxim in love's school,
To make a man of sense a fool;
I mean the man, who loves indeed,
And hopes and wishes to succeed;
But from his fear and apprehension,
Which always mars his best intention,
Can ne'er address with proper ease
The very person he would please.
Now Poets, when these nymphs refuse,
Strait go a courting to the muse.
But still some difference we find
'Twixt goddesses and human kind;
The muses' favours are ideal,
The ladies' scarce, but always real.
The Poet can, with little pain,
Create a mistress in his brain,

Heap each attraction, every grace
That should adorn the mind or face,
On *Delia*, *Phyllis*, with a score
Of *Phyllisses* and *Delias* more.
Or as the whim of passion burns,
Can court each frolic muse by turns;
Nor shall one word of blame be said,
Altho' he take them all to bed.
The muse detests coquettry's guilt,
Nor apes the manners of a jilt.
Jilt! O dishonest hateful name,
Your sex's pride, your sex's shame,
Which often bait their treacherous hook
With smile endearing, winning look,
And wind them in the easy heart
Of man, with most ensnaring art,
Only to torture and betray
The wretch they mean to cast away.
No doubt 'tis *charming* pleasant angling
To see the poor fond creature dangling,
Who rush like gudgeons to the bait,
And gorge the mischief they should hate.
Yet sure such cruelties deface
Your virtues of their fairest grace.
And pity, which in woman's breast,
Should swim at top of all the rest,

Must such insidious sport condemn,
Which play to you, is death to them.
So have I often read or heard,
Though both upon a trav'ller's word,
(Authority may pass it down,
So, *vide* TRAVELS, by ED. BROWN)
At METZ, a dreadful engine stands,
Form'd like a maid, with folded hands,
Which finely drest, with primmest grace,
Receives the culprit's first embrace;
But at the second (dismal wonder!)
Unfolds, clasps, cuts his heart asunder.
You'll say, perhaps, I love to rail,
We'll end the matter with a tale.
A *Robin* once, who lov'd to stray,
And hop about from spray to spray,
Familiar as the folks were kind,
Nor thought of mischief in his mind,
Slight favours make the bold presume,
Would flutter round the lady's room,
And careless often take his stand
Upon the lovely *Flavia's* hand.
The nymph, 'tis said, his freedom sought,
—In short, the trifling fool was caught;
And happy in the fair one's grace,
Would not accept an *Eagle's* place.

And while the nymph was kind as fair,
Visk'd not to gain his native air,
But thought he bargain'd to his cost,
To gain the liberty he lost.
Till at the last, a fop was seen,
A *Parrot*, dress'd in red and green,
Who could not boast one genuine note,
But chatter'd, swore and ly'd—by rote.
" Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,
" When honour and affection fail."
The lady lik'd her foreign guest,
For novelty will please the best;
And whether it is lace or fan,
Or silk, or china, bird or man,
None sure can think it wrong, or strange,
That ladies should admire a change.
The *Parrot* now came into play,
The *Robin!* he had had his day,
But could not brook the nymph's disdain,
So fled—and ne'er came back again.

A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND

WHO SENT THE AUTHOR A HAMPER OF WI

"Decipit Exemplar vitiis imitabile."—Hor

FOND of the loose familiar vein,
Which neither tires, nor cracks the brain,
The Muse is rather truant grown
To buckram works of higher tone;
And though perhaps her pow'rs of rhyme,
Might rise to fancies more sublime,
Prefers this easy down-hill road,
To dangerous leaps at five-barr'd ODE,
Or starting in the Classic race
Jack-booted for an EPIC chace.
That Bard, as other Bards, divine,
Who was *a sacris* to the Nine,
DAN PRIOR I mean, with natural ease,
(For what's not nature cannot please)
Would sometimes make his rhyming bow,
And greet his friend as I do now;

And, howsoe'er the critic train
May hold my judgment rather vain,
Allow me *one* resemblance true,
I have, my friend, a SHEPHERD * too.
You know, dear Sir, the Muses pine,
Though sober Maids, are woo'd in wine,
And therefore, as beyond a doubt,
You've found my dangling foible out,
Send me nectareous Inspiration,
Though others read Intoxication.
For there are those who vainly use
This grand Elixir of the Muse,
And fancy in their apish fit,
An idle trick of maudlin wit,
Their genius takes a daring flight,
'Bove PINDUS, or PLINLIMMON's height.
Whilst more of madman than of poet,
They're drunk indeed, and do not know it.
The Bard, whose charming measure flows
With all the native ease of prose,
Who, without flashy vain pretence,
Has best adorn'd Eternal Sense,
And, in his cheerful moral page,
Speaks to mankind in every age;

* Dr. Richard Shepherd, Author of a didactic Poem called The Nuptials.

Tells us, from folks whose situation
Makes them the mark of observation,
Example oft gives Folly rise,
And Imitation clings to Vice.
ENNIUS could never write, 'tis said,
Without a bottle in his head;
And your own HORACE quaff'd his wine
In plenteous draughts at BACCHUS' shrine;
Nay, ADDISON would oft unbend,
T'indulge his *genius* with a friend;
(For fancy, which is often dry,
Must wet her wings, or cannot fly)
What precedents for fools to follow
Are BEN, the DEVIL, and APOLLO!
While the great gawky ADMIRATION,
Parent of stupid imitation,
Intrinsic proper worth neglects,
And copies Errors and Defects.
The man, secure in strength of Parts,
Has no recourse to shuffling Arts,
Seeks not his nature to disguise,
Nor heeds the people's tongues, or eyes,
His wit, his faults at once displays,
Careless of envy, or of praise;
And foibles, which we often find
Just on the surface of the mind,

rike common eyes, which can't discern
hat to avoid, and what to learn.
Errors in wit conspicuous grow,
o use GAY's words, like specks in snow;
et it were kind, at least, to make
llowance for the merit's sake;
nd when such beauties fill the eye,
o let the blemishes go by.
lague on your philosophic sots!
ll view the sun without its spots.
Wits are peculiar in their mode;
hey cannot bear the hackney road,
nd will contract habitual ways,
'hich sober people cannot praise,
nd fools admire: Such fools I hate;
-Begone, ye slaves, who imitate.
Poor SPURIUS! eager to destroy
nd murder hours he can't enjoy,
he last of witlings, next to dunce,
'ould fain turn Genius all at once,
ut that the wretch mistakes his aim,
nd thinks a Libertine the same.
onnected as the hand and glove,
Madam POETRY and LOVE;
hall not *He* then possess his Muse,
nd fetch CORINNA from the stews,

The burthen of his amorous verse,
And charming melter of his purse,
While happy REBUS tells the name
Of His and DRURY'S common *Flame*?
How will the wretch at BACCHUS' shrine,
Betray the cause of wit and wine,
And waste in bawdy, port, and pun,
In taste a very GOTH or HUN,
Those *little hours*, of value more
Than all the round of time before;
When fancy brightens with the flask,
And the heart speaks without a mask?
Must THOU, whose genius, dull and cool,
Is muddy as the stagnant pool;
Whose torpid soul and sluggish brains
Dullness pervades, and Wine disdains;
Must *Thou* to nightly taverns run,
APOLLO'S guest, and JONSON'S son?
And in thy folly's beastly fit,
Attempt the sallies of a wit?
Art thou the child of PHŒBUS' choir?
Think of the Adage—Ass and Lyre *.
If thou wouldst really succeed,
And be a *mimic* wit indeed,

* Asinus ad Lyram.

Let DRYDEN lend thee SHEFFIELD'S blows,
Or like WILL. DAVENANT lose your nose.
O LUCIAN, Sire of ancient wit,
Who wedding HUMOUR, didst beget
Those doctors in the laughing school,
Those Giant sons of RIDICULE,
SWIFT, RAB'LAIS, and * that favourite Child,
Who, less eccentrically wild,
Inverts the misanthropic Plan,
And hating vices, hates not Man:
How do I love thy gibing vein!
Which glances at the mimic train
Of sots, who proud as modern beaux
Of birth-day suits, and tinsel clothes,
Affecting cynical grimace
With philosophic stupid face,
In dirty hue, with naked feet,
In rags and tatters, stroll the street;
OSTENSIVELY exceeding wise,
But Knaves, and Fools, and walking Lies,
External Mimicry their plan,
The Monkey's copy after Man.
Wits too possess this affectation,
And live a life of imitation,

* The late inimitable HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

Are Slovens, Revellers, and Brutes,
Laborious, absent, prattlers, mutes,
From some example handed down
Of some great Genius of Renown.
If ADDISON, from habit's trick,
Could bite his fingers to the quick,
Shall not I nibble from design,
And be an ADDISON to mine?
If POPE most feelingly complains
Of aching head, and throbbing pains,
My head and arm his posture hit,
And I already *ache* for wit.
If CHURCHILL, following Nature's call,
Has *head that never aches at all*,
With burning brow, and heavy eye,
I'll give my looks and pain the lie.
If huge tall words of termination,
Which ask a Critic's explanation,
Come rolling out along with thought,
And seem to stand just where they ought;
If language more in grammar drest,
With greater emphasis exprest,
Unstudied, unaffected flows,
In some great Wit's *conversing* prose;
If from the tongue the period round
Fall into style, and swell to sound,

'Tis nature which herself displays,
And JOHNSON speaks a JOHNSON'S phrase.
But can you hear, without a smile,
The formal coxcomb ape his style,
Who, most dogmatically wise,
Attempts to censure, and despise,
Affecting what he cannot reach,
A trim propriety of speech?
What though his pompous Language wear
The grand decisive solemn Air,
Where quaint ANTITHESIS prevails,
And Sentences are weighed in scales,
Can you bow down with reverend awe
Before this puppet king of straw!
Or hush'd in mute attention, sit,
To hear this CRITIC, POET, WIT,
PHILOSOPHER, all, all at once,
And to complete them all, this—DUNCE?
—All this you'll say is mighty fine,
But what has this to do with Wine?
Have patience and the Muse shall tell
What you, my friend, know full as well.
Vices in Poets, Wits and Kings,
Are catching, *imitable* things;
And frailties standing out to view,
Become the objects fools pursue,

Thus have I pictures often seen,
Where features neither speak nor mean,
Yet spite of all, the Face will strike,
And mads us that it should be like,
When all the near resemblance grows
From scratch or pimple on the Nose.
To Poets then (I mean not here
The scribbling Drudge, or scribbling Peer,
Nor those who have the monthly fit,
The Lunatics of modern Wit)
To POETS Wine is inspiration,
Blockheads get drunk in imitation.
As different Liquors different ways
Affect the body, sometimes raise
The fancy to an Eagle's flight,
And make the heart feel wondrous light;
At other times the circling mug,
Like LETHE's draught, or opiate drug,
Will strike the senses on a heap,
When Folks talk wise, who talk asleep;
A whimsical imagination,
Might form a whimsical relation,
How every Author writes and thinks
Analagous to what he drinks,
While quaint Conjecture's lucky hit,
Finds out his bev'rage in his Wit.

Ye goodly dray-nymph Muses, hail!
MUM, PORTER, STINGO, MILD and STALE,
And chiefly thou of boasted fame,
Of ROMAN and IMPERIAL name;
O Purl! all hail! thy vot'ry steals,
His stockings dangling at his heels,
To where some pendent head invites
The Bard to set his own to rights,
Who seeks thy influence divine,
And pours libations on thy shrine,
In wormwood draughts of inspiration,
To whet his soul for defamation.
Hail too, your Domes! whose Master's skill
Takes up illustrious folks at will,
And careless or of place or name,
Beheads and *hangs* to public fame
Fine garter'd Knights, blue, red, or green,
Lords, Earls and Dukes, nay King, or Queen,
And sometimes pairs them both together,
To dangle to the wind and weather;
Or claps some mighty General there,
Who has not any head to spare.
Or if it more his fancy suit,
Pourtrays or fish, or bird, or brute.
And lures the gaping, thirsty guest,
To SCOTT'S *entire*, or TRUEMAN'S *best*.

Ye *chequer'd* Domes thrice hail! for hence
The fire of Wit, the froth of Sense;
Here gentle Puns, ambiguous Joke,
Burst forth oracular in smoke,
And Inspiration pottle deep
Forgets her sons, and falls asleep.
Hence issue Treatises and Rhymes,
The Wit and Wonder of the Times,
Hence Scandal, Piracies and Lies,
Defensive Pamphlets on EXCISE,
The Murd'rous Articles of News,
And pert THEATRICAL REVIEWS.
Hither, as to their Urns, repair,
Bard, Publisher, and minor Play'r,
And o'er the Porter's foaming head
Their venom'd malice nightly shed,
And aim their batteries of dirt
At Genius, which they cannot hurt.
Smack not *their* works, if verse or prose
Offend your eye, or ear, or nose,
So frothy, vapid, stale, hum-drum,
Of STINGO, PORTER, PURL and MUM?
And when the muse *politely* jokes,
Cannot you find the Lady smokes?
And spite of all her inspiration,
Betrays her ale-house education?

Alas! how very few are found,
Whose style tastes neat and full and sound!
In WILMOT's loose ungovern'd vein
There is, I grant, much *burnt* CHAMPAIGN,
And DORSET's lines all palates hit,
The very BURGUNDY of wit.
But when, obedient to the mode
Of panegyric, courtly ode,
The bard bestrides his annual hack,
In vain I taste, and sip and smack,
I find no flavour of the SACK.
But while I ramble and refine
On flavour, Style, and Wit and Wine,
Your Claret, which I would not waste,
Recalls me to my proper taste;
So ending, as 'tis more than time,
At once my Letter, glass, and rhyme,
I take this bumper off to you,
'Tis SHEPHERD's health—dear Friend, adieu.

THE WHIM,

AN EPISTLE

TO MR. W. WOTY.

THE praise of Genius will offend
A foe no doubt, sometimes a friend;
But curse on genius, wit, and parts;
The thirst of science, love of arts,
If inconsistent with the plan
Of social good from man to man.
For me, who will, may wear the bays,
I value not such idle praise:
Let wrangling wits abuse, defame,
And quarrel for an empty name,
What's in this shuffling pace of rhyme,
Or *grand pas* stride of stiff sublime,
That vanity her trump should blow,
And look with scorn on folks below?
Are wit and folly close allied,
And match'd, like poverty, with pride?
When rival bards for fame contend,
The poet often spoils the friend;

Genius self-center'd feels alone
That merit he esteems his own,
And cold, o'er-jealous, and severe,
Hates, like a Turk, a brother near;
Malice steps in, good nature flies,
Folly prevails, and Friendship dies.
Peace to all such, if peace can dwell
With those who bear about a hell;
Who blast all worth with Envy's breath,
By their own feelings stung to death.
None but a weak and brainless fool,
Undisciplin'd in fortune's school,
Can hope for favours from the wit:
He pleads prescription to forget,
Unnotic'd let him live or rot,
And, as forgetful, be forgot;
Most wags, whose pleasure is to *smoke*,
Wou'd rather lose their friend, than joke;
A man in rags looks something *queer*,
And there's *vast humour* in a sneer;
That jest, alike all witlings suits,
Which lies no further than *the boots*.
Give me the man whose open mind
Means social good to all mankind;
Who when his friend, from fortune's round,
Is toppled headlong to the ground,

Can meet him with a warm embrace,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's face;
Who, not self-tanght and proudly wise,
Seeks more to comfort than advise,
Who less intent to shine than please,
Wears his own mirth with native ease,
And is from sense, from nature's plan,
The jovial guest, the honest man;
In short, whose picture, painted true,
In ev'ry point resembles you.

And will my friend for once excuse
This off'ring of a lazy muse?
Most lazy,—lest you think her not,
I'll draw her picture on the spot.
A perfect ease the dame enjoys;
Three chairs her indolence employs:
On one she squats her cushion'd bum,
Which wou'd not rise, though kings should co
An arm lolls dangling o'er another,
A leg lies *couchant* on its brother.
To make her look supremely wise,
At least like wisdom in disguise,
The weed, which first by *Raleigh* brought,
Gives thinking looks instead of thought,
She smokes, and smokes; without all feelin
Save as the eddies climb the cieling,

And waft about their mild perfume,
She marks their passage round the room.
When pipe forsakes the vacant mouth,
A pot of beer prevents her drowth,
Which with *potations pottle deep*
Lulls the poor maudlin muse to sleep.
Her books of which sh'as wond'rous need,
But neither pow'r nor will to read,
In scatter'd tomes lie all around
Upon the lowest shelf—the ground.
Such ease no doubt suits *easy* rhyme;
Folks walk about who write SUBLIME,
While RECITATION'S pompous sound
Drawls words sonorous all around,
And ACTION waves her hand and head,
As those who bread and butter spread.
You bards who feel not fancy's dearth,
Who strike the roof, and kick the earth,
Whose muse superlatively high
Takes lodgings always near the sky;
And like the lark with daring flight
Still soars and sings beyond our sight;
May trumpet forth your grand sublime,
And scorn our lazy lounging rhyme.
Yet though the lark in æther floats,
And trills no doubt diviner notes,

Carelessly perch'd on yonder spray,
The linnet sings a pretty lay.
What horrid, what tremendous sight
Shakes all my fabric with affright!
With ARGUS' hundred eyes he marks,
With triple mouth the monster barks;
And while he scatters flaming brands
BRIAREUS lends him all his hands.
Hist! 'tis a CRITIC.—Yes—'tis he,
What wou'd your graceless form with me?
Is it t' upbraid me with the crime
Of spinning unlaborious rhyme,
Of stringing various thoughts together
In verse, or prose, or both, or neither?
A vein, which though it must offend
You *lofty* sirs who can't *descend*,
To fame has often made its way
From BUTLER, PRIOR, SWIFT, and GAY;
Is it for this your brow austere
Frowns me to stone for very fear?
Hear my just reason first, and then
Approve me right, or split my pen.
I seek not by more labour'd lays
To catch the slipp'ry tail of praise,
Nor will I run a mad career
'Gainst genius which I most revere;

When Phœbus bursts with genuine fire,
The little stars at once retire;
Who cares a farthing for those lays
Which you can neither blame, nor praise?
I cannot match a CHURCHILL'S skill,
But may be LANGHORNE when I will:
Let the mere mimic, for each season bears
Your mimic Bards as well as mimic play'rs,
Creep servilely along, and with dull pains
Lash his slow steed, in whose enfeebled veins
The cold blood lags, let him with fruitless aim
By borrow'd plumes assume a borrow'd fame,
With studied forms th' incautious ear beguile,
And ape the numbers of a CHURCHILL'S style.
Slaves may some fame from imitation hope;
Who'd be PAUL WHITEHEAD, tho' he honours POPE?
If clinking couplets in one endless chime
Be the sole beauty, and the praise of rhyme;
If sound alone an easy triumph gains,
While fancy bleeds, and sense is hung in chains,
Ye happy triflers hail the rising mode;
See, all Parnassus is a turnpike road,
Where each may travel in the highway track
On true bred hunter, or on common hack.
For me, who labour with poetic sin,
Who often woo the muse I cannot win,

Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,
And folly spoilt by taking up the trade,
Pleas'd I behold superior genius shine,
Nor ting'd with envy wish that genius mine.
To CHURCHILL'S muse can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law:
Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to please;
Be his the *strength* of NUMBERS, mine the *ease;*
Ease that rejects not, but betrays no care:
Less of the coxcomb than the sloven's air.
Your taste, as mine, all metre must offend
When imitation is its only end.
I could perhaps that servile task pursue,
And copy CHURCHILL as I'd copy you,
But that my flippant muse, too saucy grown,
Prefers that manner she can call her own.

A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

TO ******.

WHAT, three months gone, and never send
A single letter to a Friend?
In that time, sure, we might have known
Whether you fat or lean was grown;
Whether your host was short or tall,
Had manners good, or none at all;
Whether the neighb'ring squire you found
As mere a brute as fox or hound;
Or if the parson of the place
(With all due rev'rence to his grace)
Took much more pains himself to keep,
Than to instruct and feed his sheep;
At what hour of the day you dine;
Whether you drink beer, punch, or wine;
Whether you hunt, or shoot, or ride;
Or, by some muddy ditch's side,
Which you, in visionary dream,
Call bubbling rill, or purling stream,

Sigh for some aukward country lass,
Who must of consequence surpass
All that is beautiful and bright,
As much as day surpasses night;
Whether the people eat and drink,
Or ever talk, or ever think;
If, to the honour of their parts,
The men have heads, the women hearts;
If the moon rises and goes down,
And changes as she does in town;
If you've returns of night and day,
And seasons varying roll away;
Whether your mind exalted wooes
Th' embraces of a serious muse;
Or if you write, as I do now,
The L—d knows what, the L—d knows how.—
These, and a thousand things like these,
The friendly heart are sure to please.
Now will my friend turn up his eyes,
And look superlatively wise;
Wonder what all this stuff's about,
And how the plague I found him out!
When he had taken so much pains,
In order to regale his brains
With privacy and country air,
To go, no soul alive knew where!

Besides, 'tis folly to suppose
That any person breathing goes
On such a scheme, with a design
To write or read such stuff as mine,
And idly waste his precious time
In all th' impertinence of rhyme.
  My good, wise, venerable sir!
Why about nonsense all this stir!
Is it, that you would stand alone,
And read no nonsense but your own;
Tho' you're (to tell you, by the bye)
Not half so great a fool as I;
Or is it that you make pretence,
Being a fool, to have some sense?
  And would you really have my muse
Employ herself in writing news,
And most unconscionably teize her
With rhyming to Warsaw and Weser;
Or toss up a poetic olio,
Merely to bring in Marshal Broglio?
Should I recite what now is doing,
Or what for future times is brewing,
Or triumph that the poor French see all
Their hopes defeated at Montreal,
Or should I your attention carry
To Fred'rick, Ferdinand, or Harry,

Of flying Russian, dastard Swede,
And baffled Austria let you read;
Or gravely tell with what design
The youthful Henry pass'd the Rhine?
Or should I shake my empty head,
And tell you that the King is dead,
Observe what changes will ensue,
What will be what, and who'll be who,
Or leaving these things to my betters,
Before you set the state of letters?
Or should I tell domestic jars,
How author against author wars,
How both with mutual envy rankling,
Fr--k--n damns M--rp--y, M--rp--y Fr--k--n?
Or will it more your mind engage
To talk of actors and the stage,
To tell, if any words could tell,
What GARRICK acts still, and how well,
That SHERIDAN with all his care
Will always be a labour'd play'r,
And that his acting at the best
Is all but art, and art confest;
That BRIDE *, if reason may presume
To judge by things past, things to-come,

* Miss Bride, formerly of Drury-lane Theatre.

In future times will tread the stage,
Equally form'd for love and rage,
Whilst POPE for comic humour fam'd,
Shall live when CLIVE no more is nam'd,
Your wisdom I suppose can't bear
About dull pantomime to hear;
Nor would you have a single word
Of Harlequin, and wooden sword,
Of dumb shew, fools tricks, and wry faces,
And wit which lies all in grimaces,
Nor should I any thing advance
Of new invented comic dance.
Callous, perhaps, to things like these,
Would it your worship better please,
That I, more loaden than the camels,
Should crawl in philosophic trammels?
Should I attack the stars, and stray
In triumph o'er the milky way,
And like the TITANS try to move
From seat of empire royal JOVE,
Then spread my terrors all around,
And his Satellites confound,
Teach the war far and wide to rage,
And ev'ry star by turns engage?
The danger we should share between us,
You fight with MARS and I with VENUS.

Or should I rather, if I cou'd,
Talk of words little understood,
Centric, eccentric, epicycle,
Fine words the vulgar ears to tickle!
A vacuum, plenum, gravitation,
And other words of like relation,
Which may agree with studious men,
But hurt my teeth, and gag my pen;
Things of such grave and serious kind
Puzzle my head and plague my mind;
Besides in writing to a friend
A man may any nonsense send,
And the chief merit to impart,
The honest feelings of his heart.

AN

IMITATION

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A MONTH hath roll'd its lazy hours away,
Since Delia's presence bless'd her longing swain:
How cou'd he brook the sluggish time's delay,
What charm cou'd soften such an age of pain?

One fond reflection still his bosom chear'd,
And sooth'd the torments of a lover's care,
'Twas that for Delia's self the bow'r he rear'd,
And Fancy plac'd the nymph already there.

O come, dear maid, and with a gentle smile,
Such as lights up my lovely fair one's face,
Survey the product of thy shepherd's toil,
Nor rob the villa of the villa's grace.

Whate'er improvements strike thy curious sight,
Thy taste hath form'd—let me not call it mine,
Since when I muse on thee, and feed delight,
I form no thought that is not wholly thine.

Th' apartments destin'd for my charmer's use,
(For love in trifles is conspicuous shewn)
Can scarce an object to thy view produce,
But bears the dear resemblance of thine own.

And trust me, love, I could almost believe
This little spot the mansion of my fair;
But that awak'd from fancy's dreams I grieve,
To find its proper owner is not there.

Oh! I could doat upon the rural scene,
Its prospect over hill and champaign wide,
But that it marks the tedious way between,
That parts thy Damon from his promis'd Bride.

The gardens now put forth their blossoms sweet,
In Nature's flow'ry mantle gaily drest,
The close-trimm'd hedge, and circling border neat,
All ask my Delia for their dearest guest.

The lily pale, the purple-blushing rose,
In this fair spot their mingled beauties join;
The woodbine here its curling tendrils throws
In wreaths fantastic round the mantling vine.

The branching arbour here for lovers made,
For dalliance met, or song, or amorous tale,
Shall oft protect us with its cooling shade,
When sultry Phœbus burns the lovely vale.

'Tis all another paradise around,
And, trust me, so it would appear to me,
Like the first man were I not lonely found,
And but half blest, my Delia, wanting thee.

For two, but two, I've form'd a lovely walk,
And I have call'd it by my fair one's name;
Here blest with thee, t'enjoy thy pleasing talk,
While fools and madmen bow the knee to fame.

The rustic path already have I try'd,
Oft at the sinking of the setting day;
And while, my love, I thought thee by my side,
With careful steps have worn its edge away.

With thee I've held discourse, how passing sweet!
While fancy brought thee to my raptur'd dream,
With thee have prattled in my lone retreat,
And talk'd down suns, on love's delicious theme.

Oft as I wander through the rustic crowd,
Musing with downcast look, and folded arms,
They stare with wonder, when I rave aloud,
And dwell with rapture on thy artless charms.

They call me mad, and oft with finger rude
Point at me, leering, as I heedless pass;
Yet Colin knows the cause, for love is shrewd,
And the young shepherd courts the farmer's lass.

Among the fruits that grace this little seat,
And all around their clust'ring foliage spread,
Here mayst thou cull the peach, or nect'rine sweet,
And pluck the strawberry from its native bed.

And all along the river's verdant side,
I've planted elms, which rise in even row;
And fling their lofty branches far and wide,
Which float reflected in the lake below.

Since I've been absent from my lovely fair,
Imagination forms a thousand schemes,
For O! my Delia, thou art all my care,
And all with me is love and golden dreams.

O flatt'ring promise of secure delight;
When will the lazy-pacing hours be o'er?
That I may fly with rapture to thy sight,
And we shall meet again to part no more.

TO A LADY, WITH A SEAL.

Th' impression which this seal shall make,
The rougher hand of force may break;
Or jealous time, with slow decay,
May all its traces wear away;
But neither time nor force combin'd,
Shall tear thy image from my mind;
Nor shall the sweet *impression* fade
Which Chloe's thousand charms have made;
For spite of time, or force, or art,
'Tis *seal'd* for ever on my heart.

A BALLAD.

Ye shepherds so careless and gay,
Who sport with the nymphs of the plain,
Take heed lest you frolic away
The peace you can never regain.
Let not Folly your bosoms annoy;
And of Love, the dear mischief, beware:
You may think 'tis all sunshine and joy,
—I know 'tis o'ershadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithsome it shines,
With an aspect deceitfully fair;
Its day oft in sorrow declines,
And it sets in the night of despair.
Hope paints the gay scene to the sight,
While fancy her visions bestows,
And gilds ev'ry dream with delight,
But to wake us to sensible woes.

How hard is my lot to complain
Of a nymph whom I yet must adore,
Though she love not her shepherd again,
Her Damon must love her the more.

For it was not the pride of her sex,
That treated his vows with disdain,
For it was not the pleasure to vex,
That made her delude her fond swain.

'Twas His, the fair nymph to behold,
He hop'd—and he rashly believ'd.
'Twas Her's to be fatally cold;
—He lov'd—and was fondly deceiv'd:
For such is of lovers the doom,
While passions their reason beguile,
'Tis warrant enough to presume,
If they catch but a look or a smile.

Yet surely my PHYLLIS would seem
To prize me most shepherds above;
But that might be only esteem,
While I foolishly constru'd it love.
Yet others, like DAMON, believ'd
The nymph might have favour'd her swain,
And others, like Him, were deceiv'd,
Like Him, though they cannot complain.

Of PHYLLIS was always my song,
For she was my pride and my care;
And the folks, as we wander'd along,
Wou'd call us the conjugal pair.

They mark'd how I walk'd at her side,
How her hand to my bosom I prest,
Each tender endearment I try'd,
And I thought none was ever so blest.

But now the delusion is o'er,
These day-dreams of pleasure are fled,
Now Her DAMON is pleasing no more,
And the hopes of her shepherd are dead.
May he that my Fair shall obtain,
May He, as thy DAMON, be true;
Or haply thou'lt think of that swain,
Who bids thee, dear Maiden, adieu.

TO CHLOE.

If Chloe seek one verse of mine
I call not on the tuneful Nine
With useless Invocation;
Enough for Me that *She* should ask;
I fly with pleasure to the Task,
And Her's the Inspiration.

When Poets sung in ancient Days,
The Muses that inspir'd their Lays,
Of whom there such Parade is;
Their Deities, let Pride confess,
Were nothing more, and nothing less,
Than earth-born mortal Ladies.

Did any nymph her subject chuse?
She strait commenc'd inspiring Muse;
And every Maid, of lovely Face,
That struck the Heart of wounded Swain,
Exalted to your starry Plain,
Was register'd a Grace.

These were the Compliments of old,
While Nymphs, among the Gods enroll'd,
Claim'd Love's obsequious Duty;
Thus, while each Bard had favourite Views,
Each Nymph became a GRACE, or MUSE,
A VENUS every Beauty.

Say, in these latter Days of ours,
When Love exerts his usual Powers,
What difference lies between us?
In CHLOE's self at once I boast,
What Bards of every age might toast,
A MUSE, a GRACE, a VENUS.

In CHLOE are a thousand charms,
Though Envy call her sex to arms,
And giggling Girls may flout her,
The MUSE inhabits in her Mind,
A VENUS in her form we find,
The GRACES all about her.

SONG.

THE Beauty which the Gods bestow,
Did they but give it for a show?
No——'twas lent thee from above,
To shed its Lustre o'er thy face,
And with its pure and native grace
To charm the soul to Love.

The flaunting Sun, whose western beams,
This Evening drink of Ocean's streams,
To-morrow springs to Light.
But when thy Beauty sets, my Fair,
No morrow shall its beam repair,
'Tis all eternal Night.

See too, my Love, the virgin Rose,
How sweet, how bashfully it blows
Beneath the vernal skies!
How soon it blooms in full display,
Its bosom opening to the Day,
Then withers, shrinks, and dies.

Of mortal Life's declining Hour,
Such is the Leaf, the Bud, the Flow'r;
Then crop the Rose in Time.
Be blest and bless, and kind impart
The just return of Heart for Heart,
Ere Love becomes a Crime.

To Pleasure then, my charmer, haste,
And ere thy Youth begins to waste,
Ere Beauty dims its ray,
The proffer'd gift of Love employ,
Improve each moment into Joy,
Be happy, whilst you may.

EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND.

" Do, study more—discard that Siren, Ease,
" Whose fatal charms are murd'rous while they
please.
" Wit's scanty streams will fret their channel dry,
" If Learning's spring withhold the fresh supply.
" Turn leaf by leaf gigantic volumes o'er,
" Nor blush to know what antients wrote before.
" Why not, sometimes, regale admiring friends
" With Greek and Latin sprinklings, odds and ends?
" Exert your talents; read, and read to write!
" As Horace says, mix profit with delight."

'Tis rare advice; but I am slow to mend,
Though ever thankful to my partial friend:
Full of strange fears—for hopes are banish'd all—
I list' no more to Phœbus' sacred call,
Smit with the Muse, 'tis true, I sought her charms;
But came no champion, clad in cumb'rous arms,
To pull each rival monarch from his throne,
And swear no lady Clio like my own.

All unambitious of superior praise,
My fond amusement ask'd a sprig of bays,
Some little fame for stringing harmless verse,
And e'en that little fame has prov'd a curse;
Hitch'd into rhime, and dragg'd through muddy prose,
By butcher critics, worth's confed'rate foes.
If then the Muse no more shall strive to please,
Lull'd in the happy lethargy of ease;
If, unadvent'rous, she forbear to sing,
Nor take one thought to plume her ruffled wing;
'Tis that she hates, howe'er by nature vain,
The scurril nonsense of a venal train.
When desp'rate robbers, issuing from the waste,
Make such rude inroads on the land of taste,
Genius grows sick beneath the Gothic rage,
Or seeks her laurels from some worthier age.

As for Myself, I own the present charge;
Lazy and lounging, I confess at large:
Yet Ease, perhaps, may loose her silken chains,
And the next hour become an hour of pains.
We write, we read, we act, we think, by fits,
And follow all things as the humour hits;
For of all pleasures, which the world can bring,
Variety—O! dear variety's the thing!

Our learned Coke, from whom we scribblers draw
All the wise Dictums of poetic law,
Lays down this truth, from whence my maxim follows,
(See Horace, Ode *Dec. Sext.*—the case Apollo's)
" The God of Verse disclaims a plodding wretch,
" Nor keeps his bow for ever on the stretch."

However great my thirst of honest fame,
I bow with rev'rence to each letter'd name;
To worth, where'er it be, with joy submit,
But own no curst monopolies of wit.
Nor think, my friend, if I but rarely quote,
And little reading shines through what I've wrote,
That I bid peace to ev'ry learned shelf,
Because I dare form judgments for myself.
—Oh! were it mine, with happy skill to look
Up to the ONE, the UNIVERSAL BOOK!
Open to all—to him, to me, to you,
—For NATURE'S open in the general view—
Then would I scorn the antients' vaunted store,
And boast my thefts, where they but robb'd before.

Mean while with them, while Grecian sounds impart
Th' eternal passions of the human heart,

Bursting the bonds of ease and lazy rest,
I feel the flame mount active in my breast;
Or when, with joy, I turn the Roman page,
I live, in fancy, in th' AUGUSTAN age!
Till some dull Bavius' or a Mævius' name,
Damn'd by the MUSE to everlasting fame,
Forbids the mind in foreign climes to roam,
And brings me back to our own fools at home.

TO ****.

About to publish a Volume of Miscellanies.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1755.

SINCE now, all scruples cast away,
Your works are rising into day,
Forgive, though I presume to send
This honest counsel of a friend.

Let not your verse, as verse now goes,
Be a strange kind of measur'd prose;
Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,
Want nought but measure to be verse.
Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your Muse by Imitation:
For copies shew, howe'er exprest,
A barren genius at the best.
—But Imitation's all the mode—
Yet where one hits, ten miss the road.

The mimic bard with pleasure sees
Mat. Prior's unaffected ease:

Assumes his style, affects a story,
Sets every circumstance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwe
And mars a curious tale in telling:
Observes how *easy* Prior flows,
Then runs his numbers down to prose.

Others have sought the filthy stews
To find a dirty slip-shod Muse.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common-sew'rs, and jake
Ordure and filth in rhyme exposes,
Disgustful to our eyes and noses;
With many a dash—that must offend us,
And much * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *. *Hiatus* non *deflendus.*
O Swift! how would'st thou blush to se
Such are the bards who copy Thee?

This Milton for his plan will chuse:
Wherein resembling Milton's Muse?
Milton, like thunder, rolls along
In all the majesty of song;
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake, nor quite asleep;

Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the mustard bowl.
The stiff expression, phrases strange,
The epithet's preposterous change;
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus ye copy Milton's style?
His faults religiously you trace,
But borrow not a single grace.

How few, (say, whence can it proceed?)
Who copy Milton, e'er succeed!
But all their labours are in vain:
And wherefore so?—The reason's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by those
Milton's the model mostly chose,
Who can't write verse, and won't write prose.

Others, who aim at fancy, chuse
To woo the gentle Spenser's Muse.
This poet fixes for his theme
An allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waste of flimsy lines;
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;

Thinks his strong Muse takes wond'rous flights,
Whene'er she sings of peerless wights,
Of dens, of palfreys, spells and knights:
'Till allegory, Spenser's veil
T' instruct and please in moral tale,
With him's no veil the truth to shroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivalling the fame of Pope.
Satyr's the word against the times—
These catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by Pope's strong wings,
Their Muse aspires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In these the spleen of Pope we find;
But where the greatness of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere strangers to his manly sense.

Some few, the fav'rites of the Muse,
Whom with her kindest eye she views;
Round whom Apollo's brightest rays
Shine forth with undiminish'd blaze;
Some few, my friend, have sweetly trod
In Imitation's dang'rous road,

g as Tobacco's mild perfume
ll scent each happy curate's room,
as in elbow-chair he smokes,
l quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
ong, O Brown *, shall last thy praise,
wn'd with Tobacco-leaf for bays;
l whosoe'er thy verse shall see,
ll fill another Pipe to thee.

* Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq. author of a piece called Pipe of Tobacco, a most excellent imitation of six dif- it authors.

SONG.

THOUGH winter its desolate train
Of frost and of tempest may bring,
Yet *Flora* steps forward again,
And Nature rejoices in spring.

Though the sun in his glories decreast,
Of his beams in the evening is shorn,
Yet he rises with joy from the east,
And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recall,
Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
When its leaves are beginning to fall,
It dies, and is heard of no more.

The spring-time of Love then employ,
'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn,
For *Cupid's* a vagrant, a boy,
And his seasons will never return.

A BALLAD.

HARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,
Come, LUCY, it cries, come away,
The grave of thy COLIN has room
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear shepherd, I come,
Ye friends and companions adieu:
I haste to my COLIN's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When LUCY, sad LUCY, arose;
And forth to the green turf she sprung,
Where COLIN's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

"How long, my lov'd COLIN," she cry'd,
"How long must thy LUCY complain?
"How long shall the grave my love hide?
"How long ere it join us again?

" For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
" With thee o'er the world would she fly;
" For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd;
" For thee would she lie down and die.

" Alas! what avails it how dear
" Thy LUCY was once to her swain!
" Her face like the lily so fair,
" And eyes that gave light to the plain,
" The shepherd that lov'd her is gone;
" That face and those eyes charm no more;
" And LUCY forgot, and alone,
" To death shall her COLIN deplore."

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground,
" I hear the kind call, and obey,
" Oh, COLIN receive me," she cried,
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone, and died.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

JEALOUS WIFE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THE JEALOUS WIFE! a Comedy! poor man!
A charming subject! but a wretched plan.
His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis Passion, Pathos, Character, Sublime!
What round big words had swell'd the pompous scene,
A king the husband, and the wife a queen!
Then might Distraction rend her graceful hair,
See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
Drawcansir Death had rag'd without controul,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl.
What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *Hah!* and *Oh!*

But peace! the gentle prologue custom sends,
Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no *partial* aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In Nature's volume to the general eye.
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakespeare has done it, and the Grecian stage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

If in his scenes an honest skill is shewn,
And borrowing, little, much appears his own;
If what a master's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward, in dramatic view;
To your decision he submits his cause,
Secure of candour, anxious for applause.

But if, all rude, his artless scenes deface
The simple beauties which he meant to grace:
If, an invader upon others' land,
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do justice on him!—As on fools before,
And give to *Blockheads* past one *Blockhead* more.

PROLOGUE

NDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE
EATRE, ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1761.

NIUS, neglected, mourns his wither'd bays;
soars to Heav'n from virtue's generous praise,
n Kings themselves the proper judges sit
the blest realms of science, arts and wit,
ı eager breast beats high for glorious fame,
emulation glows with active flame.
s, with Augustus rose imperial Rome,
arms renown'd abroad, for arts at home.
s, when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,
ıt arts, what learning was not then our own?
n sinew'd Genius, strong and nervous rose,
penser's numbers, and in Raleigh's prose;
Bacon's lip, then every science hung,
Nature spoke from her own Shakespeare's
tongue.
patriot smiles fell, like refreshing dews,
wake to life each pleasing useful Muse,